

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## FAITH.

I WILL not think the last farewell we hear  
Is more than brief "good-bye" that a friend  
saith  
Turning towards home, that to our home lies  
near;  
I will not think so harshly of kind death.

I will not think the last looks of dear eyes  
Fade with the light that fades of our dim  
air,  
But that the apparent glories of the skies  
Weigh down their lids with beams too  
bright to bear.

Our dead have left us for no dark, strange  
lands,  
Unwelcomed there, and with no friends to  
meet;  
But hands of angels hold the trembling hands,  
And hands of angels guide the faltering feet.

I will not think the soul gropes dumb and  
blind  
A brief space thro' our world, death-doomed  
from birth,—

I will not think that Love shall never find  
A fairer heaven than he made of earth.  
PAKENHAM BEATTY.

62 Sinclair Road, West Kensington Park, May 27th.  
Spectator.

## "ONLY COUSINS, DON'T YOU SEE?"

CHARMING cousin, tell me where  
Shall I find one half so fair?  
Let me, as I taste thy lip,  
Swear how sweet is cousinship.  
Like a sister? Yes, no doubt;  
Still, not sister out and out.  
Who that ever had a sister,  
Felt his heart beat when he kissed her?  
Who by looking ever knew  
That his sister's eyes were blue?  
Who in name of all the loves  
Bets his sister pairs of gloves?

Charming cousin, still are you  
Sister in a measure too.  
We can act as pleases us,  
No one thinks it dangerous;  
Talk of love or of the weather,  
Row or ride or read together,  
Wander where we will alone,  
Careless of a chaperon.  
You may dance with none but me—  
"Only cousins, don't you see?"  
Cousins safely may forget  
All the laws of etiquette.

Charming cousin, in your eyes  
I can read a faint surprise;  
Most bewitchingly they glisten  
To my nonsense as they listen;  
"What can Harry mean to say?"  
You may come to know some day.

## FAITH, ETC.

Just one word, sweet cousin mine,  
Ere we go to dress and dine:  
If I ever chance to woo,  
Cousin, she must be like you,  
And the one who comes the nearest  
To yourself will be the dearest;  
Type of what my love must be,  
Cousin, what if you are she?

Chambers' Journal. J. WILLIAMS.

## HE LEADS US ON.

HE leads us on  
By paths we did not know.  
Upward he leads us, though our steps be slow,  
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,  
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the  
day,

Yet when the clouds are gone  
We know he leads us on.

He leads us on  
Through all the unquiet years;  
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts, and  
fears  
He guides our steps. Through all the tangled  
maze  
Of sin, of sorrow, and o'erclouded days  
We know his will is done;  
And still he leads us on.

And He, at last,  
After the weary strife,  
After the restless fever we call life,  
After the dreariness, the aching pain,  
The wayward struggles which have proved in  
vain,  
After our toils are past,  
Will give us rest at last.

Golden Hours.

## NATURE'S VOICES.

THE bee goes humming 'mid the honied bells;  
The bird of morning, as he upward soars,  
High at the gate of paradise outpours  
His matin melody; the breezy dells  
Are carol-haunted; hark, the cuckoo tells  
Of faery worlds unseen; past cottage doors  
The rill scarce whispers, while full loudly  
roars  
The thundering torrent down the echoing fells.

And these are Nature's voices, these the choir  
That bid the poet join their band and sing!  
Thrice-happy choristers, no poet's lyre  
Should mar the rapture that your voices  
bring:  
Sing on, O sing, and let our sole desire  
Be, at your feet, to still lie listening.  
Academy. SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

From The National Review.  
THE CLOTHES OF RELIGION.

A STUDENT of human character was once anxious to see over a lunatic asylum. The doctor who superintended it, being very busy, said to him that he would depute one of his patients to show him over it. "He is a very intelligent man," he said, "though a monomaniac. He talks so sensibly on subjects unconnected with his *monomania* that you would never suspect any deficiency in his mental furniture. And, indeed, I think it possible that you will not discover where his mind *has given way*." The visitor found it just as the doctor had prophesied. His guide talked to him about all subjects connected with the asylum — and, indeed, about other subjects too, with intelligence quite above the average. The phenomena of madness, and the peculiarities of mad people, formed a specially favorite topic, and his remarks upon them were most sensible, and betrayed not the slightest sign of his malady. The visitor found it hard, in spite of the doctor's information, to believe that a man so like others in his way of talking and thinking — nay, so much above the average in common sense and intelligence — was indeed mad, and half thought that the doctor must have made some mistake, or that the patient had recovered from any mental derangement he might once have had. However, as he was approaching the end of his inspection, he thought he would make one attempt to test his condition directly, and asked him if there were not such people as monomaniacs in the asylum. His guide promptly answered that there were many such, and forthwith commenced an interesting description of the various forms of monomania he had come across. Some, he said, fancied themselves to be made of glass, and rubbed their hands hard with towels in the morning until they declared that the dust was gone, and that they were in their natural state of transparency; others considered that certain individuals were constantly plotting against their lives, and that it was necessary for them always to sleep with a loaded revolver — the place of which was, however, generally supplied by a toy gun

furnished them by the keeper. Others, again, thought themselves to be great personages in history — Cæsar, Napoleon Bonaparte, or the Duke of Wellington. "And the most curious part of it is," he added, "that many of these are most intelligent and sensible if only you do not discuss their monomania with them. They talk about other subjects in such a way that you would not suspect them to be mad at all." This was too much for the visitor. It seemed impossible that a man who was really a monomaniac, and who saw this very peculiarity so distinctly in others, should be unconscious of it in himself. "There must be some mistake," he thought, "this cannot be the man of whom the doctor spoke. He must be one of the officials connected with the place."

Just as he was preparing to leave, his guide pointed to a man who sat reading a book in a room the door of which was open, near the entrance of the asylum. "We were talking," he said, "of monomania. There is a curious specimen of a monomaniac; a very well-read, sensible, and intelligent man, until you get him on Greek history. Then you will find out his weakness. He is persuaded that he is Alexander the Great, and nothing will shake his conviction. Like the philosopher in Johnson's 'Rasselas,' who thought he could control the winds and the weather, he acknowledges that he cannot prove to you that it is so, but nevertheless he *knows* that he is. Why, he remembers the battle of Arbela, and poor Darius's flight. He will describe Diogenes to you minutely, and his conversations with him. He will give you an accurate picture of the appearance of Thais and Timoleon, and a graphic account of the scene of Dryden's ode; he says he remembers the whole thing vividly." The visitor remarked that it was very curious. "You know he is *not* Alexander," said the guide, showing for the first time a somewhat wild look in his eyes. The other took this as a joke. "I should think there was considerable doubt as to his identity," he replied. "Ah, but," said the guide, "I *know* he is not; I have good reason to know," and he looked very mysterious. "I will confide a secret to

you," he continued; "I have not yet told you my name. I am Philip of Macedon, and until I came to this place I had never set eyes on that man. I remember my son Alexander well; he was much taller and fairer. I can't possibly be mistaken." The cat was out of the bag, and our friend went away much amused and even more surprised.

I have told this story — which I believe to be substantially true — at some length, because it is, I think, a very instructive parallel to something which aroused the attention of many of us within the last few months. I speak of the utterances of Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Frederic Harrison on the subject of religion, in the *Nineteenth Century*. Readers of the essays to which I refer will recollect that Mr. Spencer, after explaining that the old idea of a personal God, such as Christianity believes in, is plainly unscientific, and is merely a development of the primitive belief in ghosts, and that we have no capability of acquiring any knowledge as to the ultimate cause of existence, bequeaths us, with his parting breath, a few capital letters for a religion. He has destroyed for us, it is true, certain objects of worship and belief to which we fondly clung, conscience, God, the soul; but he does not "leave us orphans." He sends his spirit to comfort us with a new religion, whose deity is the unknowable. The Christian God consisted of a Trinity, namely, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The unknowable will not be behindhand in this respect. It, too, consists of a trinity — infinity, eternity, and energy. It is "absolutely certain," he says, that we are in "the presence of an infinite and eternal energy, from which all things proceed." And this unknowable energy is, he explains, the true object of the sentiments of awe and worship — and a far more worthy object than the old-fashioned God whom it endeavors to replace.

Here, then, is the religion which Mr. Spencer has left us; and Mr. Harrison, in some very pregnant sentences, and with the aid of some very happily conceived phrases, has shown that Mr. Spencer's bequest is really not a religion at all, but only the ghost of a religion. He

points out that "the attempt, so to speak, to put a little unction into the unknowable," by describing it in terms "with so deep a theological ring as we hear in the phrase 'infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed,'" is really a "philosophical inaccuracy." He reduces Mr. Spencer's statement to its true logical limits, and divests it of the unction and enthusiasm which that writer had endeavored to infuse into it in the following passage: —

Fully accepting Mr. Spencer's logical canons, one does not see why it should be called an "absolute certainty." "Practical belief" satisfies me; and I doubt the legitimacy of substituting for it "absolute certainty." "Infinite" and "Eternal," also, can mean to Mr. Spencer nothing more than "to which we know no limits, no beginning or end," and, for my part, I prefer to say this. Again, "an Energy" — why *an* Energy? The Unknowable may certainly consist of more than one energy. To assert the presence of one uniform energy is to profess to know something very important about the Unknowable; that it is homogeneous and ever identical throughout the Universe. And, then, "from which all things proceed," is, perhaps, a rather equivocal reversion to the theologic type. In the Athanasian Creed the Third Person "proceeds" from the First and the Second. But this process has always been treated as a mystery; and it would be safer to avoid the phrases of mysticism. Let us keep the old words, for we all mean much the same thing; and I prefer to put it thus. All observation and meditation, Science and Philosophy, bring us "to the practical belief that man is ever in the presence of some energy or energies, of which he knows nothing, and to which, therefore, he would be wise to assign no limits, conditions, or functions." This is, doubtless, what Mr. Spencer himself means. For my part I prefer his old term the Unknowable. Though I have always thought that it would be more philosophical not to assert of the Unknown that it is Unknowable. And, indeed, I would rather not use the capital letter, but stick literally to our evidence, and say frankly the unknown.

This is, to my mind, quite unanswerable common sense. Mr. Spencer has no right — has, indeed, no logical power — to have his cake after he has eaten it. If we have no reason to believe in an all-powerful and all-holy Author of Nature, we

can have no right to cherish the feeling of boundless awe and reverence which such a being alone could rightly claim. Still less right have we to squander such feelings upon the unknown energies which underlie the phenomena with which we are acquainted. What reason have we to suppose these energies worthy of reverence at all, except on a principle which, as Mr. Harrison tersely puts it, would hold "ignotum omne pro divino"? The fact seems to be that Mr. Spencer, belonging as he does to that race of religious animals called "man," and unable in consequence to do without an object of worship, having pursued his critical philosophy to the point where absolute negation is reached in the domain of theology, finding nothing else within his reach, is forced to worship *it*; and to give it a little more dignity, he has to dress its skeleton-like form in capitals, and write it Absolute Negation. Here is his monomania. To suppose that by dressing up nothing he can make it something — and not merely something, but the object of those deepest feelings which, for good and for ill, have played a wider and more important part than any others in the history of our race — is surely little short of a monomania. To conceive that out of the statements "Nothing can be known," and "A sort of something exists beyond our knowledge," we can evolve the absolutely certain existence of an unknowable object of worship, consisting of an infinite and eternal energy whence all things proceed, is to introduce a new species of evolution which Mr. Spencer himself could hardly sanction when in his right mind. The leap is very great, and Darwin confesses that *natura non facit saltum*.

Mr. Harrison seems to me, then, in this portion of his criticism, to reason with an accuracy and sobriety which are quite beyond praise. He brings Agnosticism back to its true position, and it resumes its character of negation. "So stated," he says, "the positive creed of Agnosticism still retains its negative character." And this cannot be religion. Religion "cannot be found in this No-man's-land and know-nothing-creed. Better bury religion at once than let its ghost walk uneasy in

our dreams." His conclusion is stated in yet stronger terms in the following passages, which must be quoted, as I shall shortly have to refer to them in detail: "How mere a phrase must any religion be of which neither belief, nor worship, nor conduct can be spoken!" "A mother wrung with agony for the loss of her child, or the wife crushed by the death of her children's father, or the helpless and the oppressed, the poor and the needy, men, women, and children, in sorrow, doubt, and want, longing for something to comfort them and to guide them, something to believe in, to hope for, to love, and to worship, they come to our philosopher, and they say, 'Your men of science have routed our priests, and have silenced our old teachers. What religious faith do you give us in its place?' And the philosopher replies (his full heart bleeding for them), and he says, 'Think on the Unknowable.' And in the hour of pain, danger, or death, can any one think of the Unknowable, hope anything of the Unknowable, or find any consolation therein?" "The precise and yet inexhaustible language of mathematics enables us to express, in a common algebraic formula, the exact combination of the unknown raised to its highest power of infinity. That formula is  $x_n \dots$  where two or three are gathered together to worship the Unknowable . . . they may be heard to profess their unwearying belief in  $x_n$ , even if no weak brother with ritualistic tendencies be heard to cry, 'O  $x_n$ , love us, help us, make us one with thee!'"

So far, I repeat, Mr. Harrison has shown so just an appreciation of the consequences of the Agnostic position, so quick an eye in detecting and exposing Mr. Spencer's mania for transforming scientific negation into an object of worship, by means of his own enthusiasm and capital letters, and so clear an insight into the deflection from just reason which this involves, that he figures as before all things a sober and cautious thinker. If the death-knell of the old theology be indeed sounded, all reasonable religious worship must die with it. No enthusiasm and no rhetoric can persuade a sensible man that it is reasonable to worship that

which he has no means of knowing to be worthy of worship. We must be content, if theism be destroyed, to bid farewell to religion for good and all, and, in company with Mr. Huxley rather than Mr. Spencer, to look upon all speculations and thoughts connected with it as of no more practical concern to us than the politics of any supposed inhabitants of the moon.

At this point, however, as we give utterance with a sigh to this conclusion, we observe a strange look come over Mr. Harrison's face. "I am sure the Unknowable will not afford a rational religion," he says in effect. We readily assent, and allow the point to have been proved by him. "Ah! but I am quite certain it *cannot* be the real religion," he continues, "because I know that the worship of Humanity is the real religion." "I am Philip of Macedon, and I know that is not my son." We are startled beyond description. He continues—and we can listen to the explanation as given in his own words, "The religion of man in the vast cycles that are to come will be the reverence for Humanity as supported by Nature." His hearers are inclined to interrupt him: "Prune down your capital letters, at all events. Let us examine your statements on their own merits—as they are in themselves, and without the clothing of enthusiasm. You have been ruthlessly undressing the Infinite Eternal Energy; you have knocked all assumed dignity out of the Unknowable; you have laughed at it because it has managed to get itself spelt with a capital U; in common fairness, then, do the same by your own gods. Let us see calmly, and by careful and sober analysis, what humanity supported by nature comes to, in itself, and without unction or capitals; and how far it will be able to serve us as a religion." But we must hear Mr. Harrison out. "The final religion of enlightened man," he continues, "is the systematized and scientific form of the spontaneous religion of natural man. Both rest on the same elements: belief in the Power which controls his life, and grateful reverence for the Power so acknowledged. The primitive man thought that Power to be the object of Nature as affecting man. The cultured man knows that Power to be Humanity itself, controlling and controlled by Nature according to natural law." This is certainly a marvellous collapse of the critical and cautious spirit by which the earlier portion of Mr. Harrison's paper was distinguished. How humanity controlled by nature can hear our

prayers any better than *xx*; how we can be grateful to it if it is an abstraction; how it can deserve gratitude if it is the net result of human and natural forces on an unhappy world; how it can comfort us in sickness, or give us hope on the bed of death any better than the Unknowable,—these difficulties, which naturally arise, Mr. Harrison does not explain. Consistency and sobriety of reasoning vanish directly he touches on his monomania, and enthusiasm and capitals are the order of the day. In company with Mr. Spencer, he has relentlessly pursued the path of negation, until they have arrived at the common conclusion that all that is known is phenomenal nature in its operation on mankind. Here, then, is the exhaustive division of all things—Phenomenal Nature and the Unknown. But at this point comes before us the truth of the saying, *Naturam expellas furcâ tamen usque recurret*. All that need of something to reverence which George Eliot lays down as a primary demand of our nature, the satisfaction of which is essential to happiness, comes in full force upon both. It matters not that their reason has decided that nothing exists to satisfy the need. A starving man has been known to endeavor to appease his hunger by eating a pair of boots, in default of any more attractive species of food; and in like manner the Positivist and the Agnostic, finding in reach only nature and the unknown, make a desperate effort to satisfy their religious cravings with these very unpromising objects. The Positivist takes one boot, the Agnostic the other. The former takes nature, the latter the unknown; and by a mental process which can only be characterized as monomania, they contrive to enjoy a sort of religious Barmecide's feast.

The truth seems to be that these philosophers having conspired together to kill all real religion—the very essence of which is a really existing, personal God, known to exist, and accessible to the prayers of his creatures—and having, as they suppose, accomplished their work of destruction and put religion to death, have proceeded to divide its clothes between them. By the clothes of religion I mean those ideas and corresponding emotions with which we invested the objects of religious faith, and which were their natural and due adornment, and the phrases which had become associated with religious feelings and belief. The saying of the Psalmist, which was applied to other slayers of their God, may be used of these

also, *Diviserunt sibi vestimenta mea et super vestem meam miserunt sortem.*"

The ideas of infinity, eternity, and power, which have hitherto clothed the Deity, fell to Mr. Spencer's share, together with the correlative emotion of awe. Mr. Garrison came in for a larger quantity — though perhaps less indispensable, and more allied to the perfection of dress which Christianity introduced than to the simple clothes of natural religion — necessary for decency and dignity. Brotherly love, the improvement, moral, mental and material, of our fellow-men, self-sacrifice for the general good, devotion to an ideal — here are some of the "clothes of religion" which Mr. Garrison and the Positivists have appropriated. And having appropriated them, both these philosophers try to persuade themselves and the world that, after all, the clothes are the important part of religion, and that if they dress up something else in the same clothes it will do just as well as the old faith. Mr. Spencer dresses up the unknowable with infinity, eternity, and energy; Mr. Garrison dresses up humanity with brotherly love, and the worship of an ideal. But the clothes won't fit. The world may be duped for a time, and imagine that where the garments are there the reality must be; but this cannot last. It is not the cowl that makes the monk, and it is not the clothes that make religion. The misfit is too apparent to remain long unnoticed; and then, again, the clothes cannot even cover the whole substance of the new creed. Mahomet and Hume, two of the saints in the Positivist calendar, are patent excrescences; and the clothes of Christianity can by no stretching be made to cover them at all. Red Riding Hood thought for a time that the wolf which had put on her grandmother's clothes was her grandmother in reality; but the long, rough arms, the big eyes, and the large teeth, which the clothes could not hide, helped to betray its real nature. The clothes of religion will never fit either the unknowable or humanity. The misfit will arouse suspicion; and if suspicion makes us look closely we shall see the teeth and rough arms. But it is not until each has been stripped of its clothes that it will be visible in its full deformity — or, rather, to drop for a moment our latest comparison, in its full meagreness and unsubstantiality. Mr. Garrison has stripped the unknowable. Let us now endeavor to strip his own deity — "Humanity, as controlling and controlled by nature according to natural law."

But before proceeding further, let me endeavor to explain more in detail my meaning in calling the religious language and conceptions which the Agnostic and Positivist have preserved "clothes of religion." The very essence of religion is belief and trust. All the emotions which the great object of true religion arouses, whether as God creating or as God incarnate, have their whole *raison d'être* in our absolute belief and trust. They are called forth by facts and realities, and their beauty, depth, and essential character depend on this. They differ from mere sentiment just as a man's love for his wife differs from the sentiment he may have for a heroine of romance. No love is too ardent for God, because he is all-good and all-loving; no awe too deep, because he is all-wise and all-powerful; no trust too absolute, because he never deserts them that put their trust in him. So too as to the sentiments proper to Christianity. The martyrs did not die for a feeling or an idea as such; they died because they *believed* Christ to be God, and that he bid them go through all torments rather than deny him. They believed him to exist, and that death would unite them to him whom they loved, for whom they suffered, whose smile was their joy, whose every word and action was their rule of life, and union with whom was the only perfect end of their being. "If Christ is not risen," said the apostle, "then is your faith vain." The root of their devotion was belief in a real fact. Convince the would-be martyr that Christ is no longer in existence, is not approving his action, and will not welcome him after he has passed through the gates of death, and his love and devotion evaporate. The essence of the deepest feelings consist in their being aroused by a reality; and if that be taken away, the feelings themselves lose all meaning and dignity. The clothes of a handsome man are intended to set off the essential dignity of his appearance. Put them on a scarecrow, and be they never so rich and well made, their dignity is gone. Their dignity was part of *his* dignity. And so too religious sentiments depend for their dignity on religious belief — on belief in really existing objects to which they may be worthily applied.

I say, then, that all these feelings, ideas, and emotions which are associated with religion are its fitting clothes, but that the essence of religion, the central figure which they adorn, is trust in real objects worthy of these things; and further, that

while these clothes are suitable to a belief in God and the supernatural — while they constitute the form in which supernatural belief comes before us in the greatest majesty and the greatest practical usefulness — they are nothing less than grotesque when they array the unknowable or the Positivist deity humanity. Awe for the infinite Godhead is fitting, is dignified, is rational. Awe for a sort of a something of which we can know nothing is grotesque. But this Mr. Harrison himself has sufficiently shown. It remains now to consider his own deification of humanity, and to see how badly the clothes of religion fit it, and then to perform in its regard that kind office which he himself performed for the unknowable — to take the clothes off and see how it looks without them.

Our task presents, at first sight, some difficulties. The grand simplicity of the unknowable, with his three robes of infinity, eternity, and energy, made it easy work to unvest him. And once he was unvested the whole of his religion was exposed. Awe for the unknowable, is the beginning and end of the Agnostic religion. But with Positivism the case is otherwise, and when we glance at Comte's catechism and at Mr. Harrison's addresses, and see the terms Supreme Being, immortality, last judgment, choir invisible, sacraments, and look at the formidable calendar of over five hundred saints, examine its elaborate ritual and numerous precepts of devotion, we are inclined at first to think that if these be clothes, and we are to find the essence beneath, the process of undressing will be long and tedious. But this is not so. Mr. Maccabe, the inimitable ventriloquist, has for many years been in the habit of giving entertainments involving a rapid and complete change of dress, and I have seen clothes prepared for his, or similar performances, which in spite of their apparent number are so arranged that the loosening of one or two strings, whereby they are secretly fastened, is sufficient to make them all come off easily enough. And so, too, the exposition of one or two root principles in the Positivist religion will very readily lay the whole fabric bare in spite of its apparent complexity.

And now to begin at the beginning, the power which we are gratefully to reverence as controlling our destiny is humanity. And what is humanity? Comte's latest expression for it was, "the continuous sum-total of convergent beings" — the

whole human race taken together. It includes all that are to exist in the future, and in consequence humanity, or "the great being," as Comte styled it, is as yet incomplete. Certainly, at first sight, when we are told to have "grateful reverence," for the whole human race as acting upon us in connection with natural law\* and controlling our life, many of us will demur. "You should trust in Providence," said a clergyman once to a poor man who was in distress. "Ah! sir," replied the man, "that Providence he have always treated me badly. Last year he killed my wife, the year before he burnt down my house, and year before that he drove two of my children mad, and now he's sending the bailiffs to take what little I have left me. He bean't a kind 'un to me. But there's One above as 'll punish him some day, and as 'll make it right to me and give me back what I've lost." The man had taken Providence as being tantamount exactly to the Positivist deity. He regarded it as exactly — to use Mr. Harrison's phrase — the power controlling his life — as natural forces and the mass of mankind in their capacity of controlling his destiny. And if you had told him that there was *not* One above to reverse the unpleasant machinations of this earthly Providence, I should have doubts of his inclination to give much grateful reverence to the ruling powers which would remain.

But both M. Comte and Mr. Harrison eagerly explain the inaccuracy of this conception of humanity, the great being. It excludes all "the worthless and the evil, whose worthlessness and evil die away in the tide of progress and good." These are Mr. Harrison's words, and Comte speaks to the same effect. I am afraid that this explanation would not have much effect with the poor man of whom we have spoken. He would probably insist, his mind being unable to rise to so large a conception as the "tide of progress and good," that the power controlling *his* life at all events includes an evil and unhappy influence, and will ask how he is to feel grateful towards a power which makes him unhappy, however happy it may make his companions or his successors, and however much it may minister to their progress? Perhaps this is a narrow-

\* "The devout submission of the heart and will to conform our life to the laws which govern the world is religion." So said Mr. Harrison in his New Year's Address, and the "providence" for which we are to have "grateful reverence" is humanity as controlling and controlled by these laws.

minded view. Every religion must have its mysteries, and this problem is probably one of the mysteries of Positivism, for whose solution it is unbecoming to be impatient. Let us, however, go a little further into the particulars of the elements whereof humanity — the supreme being — is composed.

Seven years must intervene after the death of each individual, — so the Positivist catechism explains — before the last judgment of posterity decides whether or no he is to be "incorporated in the Supreme Being" and honored with a commemorative bust. Only *worthy specimens* of humanity are a part of this great being. It is called generally humanity, because the evil members do not count, because evil is absorbed in good. We are only to worship the good; those who have exercised a beneficial influence on the race, and who enjoy (the catechism tells us) an immortality consisting in fame, and in the operation upon their successors of the energies they originally set in motion. Progress is the great end, and these men are deified as having contributed towards it. The chief constituent elements of the supreme being who have lived in the past, the principal worthies of Humanity who have gone from among us, are commemorated by days set apart in their honor in the Positivist calendar. Mahomet, St. Bernard, Phidias, St. Thomas Aquinas, Hume, Galileo, Newton; here are names taken at random, but showing the wide embrace of Positivism, and the heterogeneous character of the progress it commands. So then, humanity, or the great being, if submitted to a process of disrobing parallel to that which reduces the unknowable, infinite, and eternal energy to certain unknown energies or energy to which it would be wise in our ignorance to assign no limits, becomes merely — those members of our race who did in the past or will in the future exercise an influence in favor of its progress. And religion consists in an acknowledgment of these beings, and "grateful reverence" for their good offices, in worship of them as constituting, in conjunction with the forces of nature, the "power which controls our life." I am quite sure that none of us have ever denied their existence; and I think that most of us have a profound reverence for such men as Newton and Phidias as types of genius, and gratitude for their services. So then we have, it seems, been Positivists without knowing it. But I am afraid this happy conclusion will not serve us

very long. There will be men of a matter-of-fact turn who will insist that all this explanation is much ado about nothing; that to roll together these worthy persons and call them humanity, and to call the worship of them, in their effect on us, religion, is not a process of religious teaching at all, but only a bad joke. They will insist that the name "religion" does not make the *thing*. Mr. Harrison, after unclothing the unknowable, proceeded to examine its essence, and to test its claim to the title "religion." We have, in our turn, done a good deal of undressing, and they will bid us now make sure whether we have reached anything which can make good its claim to the same title. We have to see how far the so-called religion of humanity will guide life, support in affliction, give hope in death. These are functions which Mr. Harrison expressly recognizes as belonging to all religion worthy of the name. It was by these tests that the unknowable was tried and condemned. Let us, then, see how in actual practice Positivism fulfils them.

Let us suppose what Reid calls "a plain man" of average common sense, who, in a world where belief in God is overthrown, is anxious to take every advantage of the assistance Positivism can offer him. Progress is the great end and aim, his catechism tells him, and all who contribute to this end are, as we have seen, incorporated in the supreme being after death. The calendar contains five hundred and fifty-eight names of the typical heroes of the past who have achieved this distinction, and in whose footsteps Positivism bids him tread. He reads Mr. Harrison's address of last New Year's Eve, and learns from it that the Positivist saints are in no way limited as to the line which their sanctity takes. "Let us put aside all kinds of limitations," he said; "let us honor the great and holy spirits of every religion worthy the name. Let us remember the saints of poetry and the saints of art, science, politics, and industry." "Let us turn to the great spirits whose images surround us in this hall — Moses, Homer, Archimedes, Newton, Caesar, St. Paul, Charlemagne, Dante, Shakespeare, Gutenberg, etc. . . . A kindly word, a clear thought, or a brave result do not die with the body that was associated with it. . . . Shakespeare, Raphael, Dante, St. Paul, Homer, and Moses enable us to think, live, and enjoy better hour by hour." This is truly a vast and varied field for worship. And as Mr. Harrison proceeded to explain that not only all these five hun-

dred and fifty-eight saints, but all their acts, and all the acts of all others who have lived in the past,—except the worthless, whose acts are; he considers, swallowed up in the general progress towards good—contribute to the sum of humanity, we can hardly be surprised at the climax of his remarks. He said that “words failed him to give an adequate idea” of the vastness of this thought. “The dull monotony of prose did no sort of justice to their feelings . . . on the present occasion even poetry could not adequately express their feelings, and they must resort to music, because the very indefiniteness of that art could clothe an almost infinite idea.” Infinite, one is inclined to add, much as a square inch of ground may be considered infinite if it is measured by the infinite number of infinitesimals of which it is composed. Mr. Harrison's language reminds me of that of a Parisian shopwoman, who once charged the present writer a very high price for a notebook, and said in self-defence, by way of showing the infinite value of the book, “*Mais, monsieur, c'est un livre extraordinaire. Vous pouvez écrire là-dedans tout ce que vous voulez.*” This was an almost infinite idea.

But to return to our “plain man.” His purpose being practical, he endeavors to gain from the contemplation of these heroes some guidance as to how he is to obtain the same good success as they did, and to walk in their footsteps. He looks to their example as a guide for conduct, as that of men who have accomplished the aim which Positivism holds up for each of us. And here he is at once puzzled. The progress aimed at and achieved by the saints seems to be not only heterogeneous, but even opposed. Which contributed really to human progress—Augustine, whose one aim was to extend the influence of Christianity, or Vespasian, who tried to exterminate it? Which should he imitate—the chaste St. Bernard, or the unchaste Mahomet? All these names are in the calendar, and the whole five hundred and fifty-eight form a most imposing array, well fitted to arouse the “glow”\* which, as it may be remembered, Mr. Harrison commends; but as models of conduct they at once puzzle the straightforward enquirer, as embodying

\* “Those who were assembled in that hall had met with the view of understanding better, and of adding some breadth and depth and glow to the old sentiment and practice,” with regard to the grateful remembrance and commemoration of the heroes of the past.—See the *Times*' report of Mr. Harrison's Address last New Year's Eve.

directly opposite ideals. Still, the Positivist teacher insists that each was a “holy spirit,” according to his lights and in his own way, and the student will perhaps let this pass, and proceed to fix upon one or two as embodying the type of excellence which most appeals to him, dismissing the “infinite idea” as well fitted for “glow,” but little suited for action. His primary object being moral conduct, as that is what was associated with the by-gone religion, and the motive for which is now lacking, he fixes, perhaps, on St. Bernard or St. Paul. And here, again, rises a fresh difficulty. Directly his meditation on St. Bernard becomes vivid he comes to realize the fact that the saint's consistent rectitude and self-devotion leaned for support on a *faith* which supplied both a trust in present assistance and a belief in an aim to be achieved. “How am I,” he asks, “to have the strength and consistency of St. Bernard when the whole source whence he derived them is gone? The sight of the goal—of the future life—and the consciousness of God's presence and assistance nerved his arm. How can I fight as he fought without them?” But the Positivist priest, nothing daunted, will tell us of the *new* faith and the new aim which supply the place of the old; and forthwith will explain that humanity supplies the faith and human progress the aim. But here I am afraid that Positivism will begin to unclothe itself very rapidly so far as its effect on moral conduct goes. We are very near those strings of which I have spoken which so quickly unloose its manifold robes. And the issue will be most clearly shown by a practical instance, not of exalted virtue but of ordinary right conduct. That a man should refrain from beating his wife because he believes in a God whose claims on him are paramount, and who will reward him or punish him according as he refrains or does not refrain, is reasonable and natural. But that love for the human race should make him refrain when love for his wife was an insufficient motive, is hardly to be expected. “Keep yourself up for my sake,” said Winkle to Mr. Pickwick, who was in the water. The author remarks that he was probably yet more effectively moved to do so for his own sake. And to tell a man to be good to his wife for the sake of the human race has in it a considerable element of similar bathos. It is exactly parallel to the well-known method of catching a bird. No doubt if you can put salt on his tail you can catch him. And so

too, if you can get a man to love the human race with a surpassing love, no doubt he will treat his wife well. But the first step in putting the salt on is to catch the bird; and the first step towards loving the human race is to have tenderness for those who are nearest. The conclusion, then, to which I fancy the "plain man," whose questions are perversely practical, will come on this subject after a short cross-examination of his teacher, is something of the following kind. The progress of the human race, as Comte's own calendar implies, is the progress of very various kinds of activity. There must be scientific progress, artistic progress, moral progress. Newton, Raphael, and Thomas a-Kempis are all parts of the supreme being. And those who have contributed to each of these departments have had faith and hope in the aim they worked for. Science and art will no doubt continue to have their devotees as heretofore — no thanks to Positivism, for they are devotees not in virtue of the general thought of progress, but in consequence of their genius and enthusiasm in relation to a special object. But where is the *moral* regenerator of mankind in the past or the consistent pursuer of virtue who has worked without faith in supernatural guidance and sanctions? I have somewhere heard a saying — I forget to whom it is ascribed — "In astronomy I should be sorry to hold a different opinion from Newton, and in religion I would not differ from the saints." This seems to point to that indissoluble connection between moral progress and spiritual faith of which I speak. And if, in meditating on the heroes of morality, we find that their action has been invariably inspired by a faith — that their strength came from a belief in supernatural guidance, that what conscious genius has ever been to the great painter, that consciousness of the inspiration of a higher power has been to the moral reformer and to the saint — where is our hope that, if all such faith be parted with, that progress of which such faith was the very life can be continued? Positivism, then, seems to leave the motives, hopes, and beliefs which have hitherto inspired men to work for the progress of the race in secular sciences and arts just where it found them, consisting, not in a general worship of human progress, but in devotion to some particular department of study, while it fails to give any faith parallel to that which has hitherto been found indispensable to moral progress. And this is surely to fail in exhibiting even that

small amount of religiousness which it professes to exhibit. It gathers together all the sentiments and beliefs which are associated with the various types of activity, and gives them the name of "religion;" but upon examination we find that the one type of activity which *ought* to be associated with religion is left without its belief and motive. High moral greatness must remain in such a scheme a mere idea, having no motive force left whereby it may realize itself in action.

So much, then, for the practical effect of this system on conduct. And what of the consolation it gives in affliction? of the hope in death? It seems a mockery to speak of it. And how is it that Mr. Garrison has failed to see the obvious *tu quoque* which his criticism on the unknowable must provoke in this connection. When the mother of whom he speaks, wrung with anguish for her loss, asks for consolation, does it seem greater irony to say to her, "Think on the unknowable," than to say "Think on humanity or human progress"? It is hard to say whether it would be a more grotesque, or a more touching spectacle, to see a humble, simple-minded woman betake herself to Mr. Garrison in such straits, and attempt to gain consolation from the thoughts he holds out. It would probably be, in the words of the proverb, a comedy to him that thinks; but a tragedy to her, for she would feel. "Your son is not dead," the Positivist says, "he has joined the choir invisible. He lives even more in the energies he has set in motion and the works he has done, than while he was yet here." But the woman, having a hopelessly concrete mind, asks for further explanation, and tries to get beyond the phrase — the clothes — "choir invisible." She asks *how* he lives — what are the works — where are the energies? "He lives in you all whom he influenced. He lives in the results of his labors. That bench which he made, that useful table,\* keep him more with you than ever. Cherish them. He lives in them though you see him not." This is really no exaggeration of Mr. Garrison's statement. The saints of industry live in their works, he says. "We live by one another, we live again in one another,

\* Mr. Garrison is very express in his statement that those who enjoy immortality in the Positivist sense are by no means exclusively distinguished people. "We were apt," he said in his address last New Year's Eve, "to associate the memory of the men of the past with the great men alone. But all men of the past had a common life with us, and were in us, and round us, and with us — all but the worthless and evil," etc.

and therefore, as much after death as before it, and often, indeed, much more after death than before it."\* It is breaking a butterfly on the wheel to insist upon the poor woman's failure to gain consolation from such thoughts. Or, take again the thought of human progress, which is supposed to be so soul-inspiring. What does it come to if with the persistence of grief she asks for a concrete instance? I suppose she must be told to think of the electric telegraph, or of the steam-plough. What, in short, has Positivism to offer to those in distress? Only illusions and dreams. I do not mean in every case untrue dreams. An historical play may represent true facts, but they are not a part of the spectator's life, or of the reality with which he is or ever will be in contact. And similarly for Positivism to soothe anguish by bidding you think on facts relative to human progress is to bid you forget what are facts to you in what are dreams to you. Christianity bids you dwell on a hope and a reality connected with your own life — tells us that God is with you and will comfort you, and will make it good to you in the future if you are faithful to him in time of trial. Positivism bids you not mind your trial, because somebody else has been good or successful — bids Mrs. Jones not cry at her son's death, because Mrs. Smith has just added another baby to the human race; and if Mrs. Jones be patient enough and hopeful enough to pursue her questioning yet further, and ask why it should give her consolation and hope that another or many others are happy, she will be told that she is only a part of the great being, and that evil and woe, of which her loss is a part, are swallowed up in the tide of progress and do not matter. She should rejoice in the progress of the great being, and remember that it is the only concrete reality, and that she is in fact only an abstract part of it. At this point she will, I think, with a sigh desist from further questioning. Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia, having searched long and vainly for one who should give him practical guidance as to how he might find happiness in this life, came at last upon a philosopher who with much confidence insisted that the road was plain. It consisted in living according to nature — in acting upon one simple and intelligible maxim, "that deviation from nature is deviation from happiness." "Sir," said

the prince, with great modesty, 'as I, like the rest of mankind, am desirous of felicity, my closest attention has been fixed on your discourse; I doubt not the truth of a position which a man so learned has so confidently advanced. Let me only know what it is to live according to nature?' 'When I find young men so humble and so docile,' said the philosopher, 'I can deny them no information which my studies have enabled me to afford. To live according to nature is to act always with due regard to the fitness arising from the relations and qualities of causes and effects; to concur with the great and unchangeable scheme of universal felicity; to co-operate with the general disposition and tendency of the present system of things.' The prince soon found that this was one of the sages whom he should understand less as he heard him longer. He, therefore, bowed and was silent; and the philosopher supposing him satisfied . . . rose up and departed with the air of a man that had co-operated with the present system."

To sum up, then, the contrast between Positivism and religion under Mr. Harrison's three heads — belief, worship, conduct. Religion offers belief in a really existing Superior Power, in whom it is reasonable to trust, who will, in return for our trust and fidelity, guide us in life and bring us through the darkness of this world into light and happiness. Positivism bids us keep the feeling of trust without the reason for trust; bids us trust in forces which we know to be untrustworthy, so far as our own future is concerned, and which many of the deepest thinkers consider to promise no ultimate benefit for our race. That is to say, Positivism bids us keep the feeling after its motive is gone — keep the clothes after the substance is destroyed. And, to help our minds to sustain the illusion which this implies, it uses phrases which, as originally expressing realities, readily call up the feelings and ideas which those realities claimed as their due. Thus it speaks of a Supreme Being, a Power controlling our life, of immortality, and even of sacraments. So much for belief. Next as to worship. The religious prayer and meditation consisted in communing with real persons, unseen but trusted, and in making vivid by force of imagination what was believed to be real. Just as one who is haunted by a nightmare may make an effort to throw off his unhappy illusions, and bring his mind to dwell on the comparative happiness of his real life — real

\* See Mr. Harrison's Address for New Year's Eve already referred to.

and known to be real, though less vividly felt at the moment than the dream he knows to be false. Positivist worship is here again the clothes without the essence. The essence of the religious prayer and meditation is that the imaginative effort and aspiration are felt to be a process of reaching out towards realities, and it is precisely this that Positivism drops out of its worship. The effort of imagination, the aspiration, the communing with other minds in spirit, are preserved, but the objects are all unreal. The religious meditation aims at the fullest sense of reality; the Positivist attains to perfection only in the illusions of the mad-house. Religion says to him who is in trial, "Your trial is but a dream compared with the happy reality which exists for God's servants." Positivism says, "Your trial may be sad, but don't think of it; live in dreamland." It is the remedy of one who takes to drink that he may forget the trials of life; and let him who thinks that constant dram-drinking, and its consequent illusions, can give substantial comfort and make an unhappy life happy, rest content with the Positivist clothes of religion, and declare them to be as good as the reality they profess to replace.\*

And, finally, the effects of any general acceptance of Positivism on moral conduct and moral progress would be the natural consequence of the nature of its belief and worship. A man may indulge in the pleasures of day-dreaming, but none, save a madman, will act on a dream as though it were truth. The goal of physical progress is in sight, and the motive for scientific labors is untouched by Positivism. But the goal both of moral conduct for the individual, and moral progress for the race, is in the world of spirits; and if that world be only a dream no motive is left for the self-denial involved in the pursuit of virtue. The moral hero must become, as soon as human nature has completely adjusted itself to this new creed, an ideal conception belonging to the past — noble to think on as the hero of chivalry is, with his armor, his battle-axe, and his lance in rest; but not to be imitated, because he is not adapted to the intellectual conditions of the age. A man who went to the Franco-German war,

accousted after the fashion of Richard Coeur de Lion, would find his costume and weapons of little use against Krupp guns or mitrailleuse. And a man who, inspired by St. Bernard's moral greatness, attempted to imitate it, without religious faith himself, and in a world without faith, would soon find that all motive for consistent action of this nature was dissolved. He would find the type old-fashioned and quite unable to resist the onslaught of a belief which destroys the essential and central motive for moral heroism. Here then, again, in the domain of conduct, we have the conception left and the reality gone. We can still admire the beauty of self-devotion, but, as a practical reality, it is impossible. Once more the clothes without the substance. Clothes in every case. Phrases, emotions, ideas are kept; the essence of religion is gone. Surely if it is to be war to the knife between the philosophers and the old religion — if, indeed, they think they have killed it — it would be more becoming in them to bury it clothes and all, and give forth a sigh over its grave, as Schopenhauer did, than to keep its clothes as perquisites wherewith to array their own children. The former is, at all events, the ordinary procedure of civilized warfare; the latter is rather suggestive of the public executioner.

But I have already dwelt too long upon the claim of the Positivist scheme to the title of "religion." It only needs that we should look closely at its features, and remain for a short time in its company, that we may find out how grotesquely unlike it is to all that mankind has hitherto meant by the term, and how completely it must fail of all practical helpfulness. The danger is that it may pass without close observation, and may sustain its claim by means of the clothing it has borrowed. If we hold intercourse with it, and listen to its voice, we become speedily convinced that it is not the voice of religion. Readers of *Aesop's fables* will remember that a certain animal once tried to pass himself off as a lion by putting on the lion's skin; but his voice betrayed him. I do not mean to imply that the voice of Positivism is the voice of the ass, but it certainly is not that of the lion. All that remains now is to point, as shortly as may be, the moral to be drawn from what has preceded.

The two essays of which I have spoken are perfectly agreed as to one thing — that the central features of the old theology are effete; that a Providence ruling the destiny of the world, who watches

\* It will, I hope, be understood that I am speaking of the effects of religion in this life — of its practical working on earth. The "need for religion," which Positivism professes to supply, is of course a need here. Of the life hereafter it is obviously irrelevant to speak, except so far as the hope for it is an important element in the working of religion *here*. And it has been alluded to so far and no further in the text.

over us and hears our prayers, who will guide us if we are faithful to him, who is all-good, all-wise, and all-powerful, is a by-gone conception. Mr. Harrison says of Mr. Spencer's paper: "It is the last word of the Agnostic philosophy in its controversy with Theology. That word is decisive . . . as a summary of philosophical conclusions in the Theological problem it seems to me frankly unanswerable." They seem likewise to be agreed that mankind cannot do without some religion. The problem, then, which each discusses in his own way is — what is to be the religion of the future? We have, in company with one philosopher, laughed at the so-called religion of the unknowable; and we have endeavored to show that if that be laughable, *a fortiori* so is the religion of humanity. What, then, is the net result of our enquiry? Surely this: that the philosophers who would destroy Theism and Christianity, can *not* give us a religion in their place; and that the destruction of Theism is the destruction of religion. "Which is the harder question," asked a great Christian thinker of our day, "whether the world can do without a religion, or whether we can find a substitute for Christianity?" Our philosophers answer the former question in the negative, and attempt to answer the latter in the affirmative — we have seen with what indifferent success. And if they fail whose ability is unquestioned, and to whose interest it is to do all in their power to succeed, we may confess the attempt to be hopeless. It is well, then, for those who occupy their minds with the speculation on these subjects which is now so rife, and who are unsettled in their religious convictions, to face frankly and honestly the central issue of the whole controversy. Modern philosophy may profess to prove that we can have no knowledge of God or of immortality; but let us not deceive ourselves as to the result of such proof. It can give us no ideal vision and no practical hope to replace those it would destroy. It professes to offer us the tree of knowledge; but if we accept it, we must give up all hope of the tree of life. It says to us, as the serpent did of old, "Ye shall be as gods." But this is false. We have seen that it is untrue. Its hopes are delusive, its religion a lifeless skeleton. This does not prove it to be false; but it makes a sensible man less content to accept it finally as true. The inquirer who clearly sees this is led to look back at its initial assumption — that the faith and the hope of the

believer in God are unreasonable. And that is all we wish. Let the glamor of "advanced thought" and the dream of "the progress of humanity" lose their brightness and fade away; let men soberly and earnestly strive to ascertain whether they cannot find in their own hearts and minds, in their own experience and observation of mankind and the world, sufficient reason to preserve them from the hopeless pessimism,\* which is so ill-disguised by the clothes of the old religion, and their path will be illumined. Their minds will be enlightened, and faith will return to them. What natural reason and earnestness for knowledge commence God's grace will complete. *Facienti quod in se est Deus suam non denegat gratiam.* This was the hope which the old scholastics held out for the heathen who had not found God; and it is surely no less applicable to those who, in our day, have lost him in the mazes of philosophical speculation. It is hard to hear a "still small voice" in the din of controversy; and it is hard to distinguish the sun of truth through a cloud of words. But he who is determined, in all earnestness and patience, to hear the voice if it is to be heard, and to see the sun if it is really to be seen, will, sooner or later, succeed in his endeavor. Whether it will be soon or late no man can say; but the time will come when, during a momentary lull in human disputing, the divine voice will come distinctly and unmistakably on the ear of the attentive listener; when the clouds will disperse and reveal the sun in his glory.

WILFRID WARD.

\* I may be allowed to refer, in this connection, to the opening chapter of Mr. W. S. Lilly's remarkable book entitled "Ancient Religion and Modern Thought." He insists with much force upon the fact that the Agnostic's position, once he fully realizes it, must make his view of life irremediably pessimistic.

From The Spectator.  
THE "CLOTHES OF RELIGION."

In a brilliant paper contributed to the June number of the *National Review* by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, on what he terms the "Clothes of Religion," that very able essayist turns the tables on Mr. Frederic Harrison after the same fashion in which Mr. Frederic Harrison had turned them on Mr. Herbert Spencer, and shows that if Mr. Spencer were something of a monomaniac in supposing that the unknowable could afford an adequate object of religious worship, Mr. Harrison is even a

more advanced proficient in this kind of monomania when he rests his exposure of Mr. Spencer on the strength of his own private certainty that the true object of worship, instead of being the Unknowable, with a capital U, is Humanity, with a capital H. For the witty illustration of this conflict of monomania with monomania which Mr. Wilfrid Ward gives us, we will refer to the pages of the *National Review* itself, and only add here that by those who read the article the worship of the unknowable and the worship of humanity are likely to be connected as long as they live with the melancholy humors of a lunatic asylum.

There is more to be said, however, on the definite subject of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's article, namely, what he calls "the clothes of religion,"—by which he means, as we understand him, the attributes with which we invest not religion, but the *object* of worship. We attribute to God infinity, eternity, absolute energy; we attribute to Christ sympathy, brotherhood, an ideal humanity; and all that we thus attribute to God and Christ are conditions of our worship; they belong to the object of worship as such; and if any attempt be made to separate them from a true object of worship, and to clothe with them that which cannot be an object of worship at all, that attempt fails, and we find those who make it descending into a foolish idolatry, dropping from the sublime to the ridiculous. What Mr. Ward maintains is that these true attributes of God and Christ are thus separated from any true object of worship when they are held up to us as the justification for awe-struck meditation over the mystery of the unknowable, or enthusiastic contemplation of the ideal of humanity. You cannot trust either the unknowable or humanity,—not the unknowable, because you know nothing about it; not humanity, because you know too much about it. And what you cannot trust, what you cannot pray to, what you cannot lean on, you may dress up in what attributes you please, but you cannot, by so dressing it up, make it the object of worship. The object of worship must be so far known as to inspire absolute trust, and therefore cannot be unknowable. The object of worship must be so far above humanity as to have conquered, as well as fathomed, its frailties, and therefore cannot be Humanity. Hence you may represent the unknowable as being as mysterious as you please, without winning for it the smallest real adoration; and you may rep-

resent humanity as being as many-sided and rich in sympathy as you please, without winning for it the smallest real adoration. Man can adore only that which he can trust and love; and he cannot trust and love either a totally unexplored power, or a power which has been so well explored as to exhibit not only strength and goodness, but weakness and wickedness of every kind. In vain, then, will you persuade man to worship either that which is pure invisibility, or that which is visible frailty,—a compound of good and evil, of feebleness and vigor.

No love [says Mr. Ward] is too ardent for God, because he is all-good and all-loving; no awe too deep, because he is all-wise and all-powerful; no trust too absolute, because he never deserts them that put their trust in him. So too as to the sentiments proper to Christianity. The martyrs did not die for a feeling or an idea as such; they died because they believed Christ to be God, and that he bid them go through all torments rather than deny him. They believed him to exist, and that death would unite them to him whom they loved, for whom they suffered, whose smile was their joy, whose every word and action was their rule of life, and union with whom was the only perfect end of their being. "If Christ is not risen," said the Apostle, "then is your faith vain." The root of their devotion was belief in a real fact. Convince the would-be martyr that Christ is no longer in existence, is not approving his action, and will not welcome him after he has passed through the gates of death, and his love and devotion evaporate. The essence of the deepest feelings consists in their being aroused by a reality; and if that be taken away, the feelings themselves lose all meaning and dignity. The clothes of a handsome man are intended to set off the essential dignity of his appearance. Put them on a scarecrow, and be they never so rich and well-made, their dignity is gone. Their dignity was part of his dignity. And so too religious sentiments depend for their dignity on religious belief—on belief in really existing objects to which they may be worthily applied. I say, then, that all these feelings, ideas, and emotions which are associated with religion are its fitting clothes, but that the essence of religion, the central figure which they adorn, is trust in real objects worthy of these things; and further, that while these clothes are suitable to a belief in God and the supernatural—while they constitute the form in which supernatural belief comes before us in the greatest majesty and the greatest practical usefulness—they are nothing less than grotesque when they array the unknowable or the Positivist deity humanity.

Now, we so absolutely and heartily agree with that, that we should be sorry to say a word indicating the slightest divergence

from its drift; but we think it almost necessary to Mr. Wilfrid Ward's true object to point out that the title which he has chosen, and which expresses most admirably the artificial character of Mr. Spencer's and Mr. Frederic Garrison's attempts to idealize a laborious creation of our own minds, is open to a good deal of misunderstanding, unless it be explained and insisted on that what are mere artificial draperies for "the Unknowable" or "Humanity" are in no way external to the true objects of worship, but of the very essence of God and Christ. Some of Mr. Ward's language might perhaps mislead a careless reader into a contrary view. He talks of "infinity and eternity and power" as "clothing the Deity." He suggests that the saying of the Psalmist, "which was applied to other slayers of their God," may be said of the Agnostic and the Positivist, namely, *Diviserunt sibi vestimenta mea et super vestem meam miserunt sortem* — "They parted my garments amongst them, and for my vesture they did cast lots." Such language might suggest that in some sense those separable and artificial attributes of the unknowable and of humanity by which Mr. Spencer and Mr. Frederic Garrison try to subdue us into the mood of worship, are also in some degree separable, though not artificial, attributes of God and Christ himself, — that we could trust God without his eternity, infinity, and omnipotence; or that we could love Christ without his sympathy, brotherhood, and self-sacrifice. We are perfectly aware that this is not in the least what Mr. Wilfrid Ward means, nor what his article, carefully read, will so much as admit of. But he has perhaps hardly been careful enough to guard himself against the imputation of conveying that these true attributes of God and Christ which are only imaginary vestures of the unknowable and of humanity, are in the same sense external to the true objects of worship, in which they are external to the false ones. Mere "clothes," no doubt, eternity, infinity, and energy are to the abstract idea of the unknowable. Mere "clothes," sympathy, brotherhood, and self-sacrifice are to the abstract idea of humanity. But infinity, eternity, and energy are in no sense vestures that can be superimposed on, or rather detached from the being of God. Sympathy, brotherhood, and self-sacrifice are in no sense vestures that can be super-

imposed on or rather detached from the figure of our Lord. That which is a mere ideal robe, which you may unfold or fold up at pleasure, when you come to apply it to the lay figures of our modern philosophy, is of the very essence of the object of worship; and you cannot by any violence detach it from the true God of Christian faith. To take Mr. Ward's own test. God could not be the object of perfect trust if we did not find in him that eternity or absolute independence of time and change, that infinity, or limitlessness of nature and resource, and that absolute energy or power, which alone justify trust. Christ could not be the object of perfect trust, if he did not manifest the love of God in all its eternity, infinity, and energy, and if he did not show us what man may become in power of brotherhood and in sacrifice when taken up into the nature of God. Attributes which may be rightly spoken of as mere vestures when they are disposed in imaginative folds round abstract conceptions, are seen to be of the very essence of the real objects of faith and worship. The mere artificial drapery of a false God, is of the actual essence and spirit of the true God. Indeed, may we not say that any quality with which we venture to invest the unknowable must necessarily be external to it, since it cannot be comprehended in the idea of the unknowable; and also that any quality which we impute to humanity must be more or less accidental, since experience shows that man as such is a variable, inconstant, and feeble creature, full of inconsistencies, mental and moral; but that any attribute of God must be of his very essence, or cannot belong to him at all? There can be no accident in God, nothing external to him which we can presume to liken to the vesture of mortality. Even of the heavens it is written, "They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end." Might we not say that all idolatries consist in the investiture of lay figures with borrowed draperies, but that it is the test of a true object of worship that there are about it no vestures, no separable accidents, that there can be no clothing or unclothing it, since everything which is temporary and perishable shrinks beneath the "consuming fire" of the true Deity?

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## OFF HIS GUARD AT LAST.

"A word unspoken is like the sword in the scabbard, thinke; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand."

— QUARLES.

CHALLONER, as Matilda had divined he would, had started to meet her on her return from Endhill.

Tolerably well content with a visit to town which had produced no results either good or evil — for he had seen nothing of his sister, and had obtained no tidings of her beyond ascertaining that her rooms had been engaged at the hotel, but that nothing further had been heard, and no orders received, — content so far, and right willing to be left in the dark for as long as Lady Fairleigh chose, her brother had hurried back to the one place on earth for him that day, and arriving to find all the party out, he had acted precisely as a lover under happier auspices should have done.

A mile and a half of the highroad having, however, brought no Lady Matilda into view, and the gloom of the winter afternoon deepening every minute, Challoner had hesitated about proceeding, for it had seemed unlikely that the riders should not have been met by that time, unless they had followed some other route. Could they be returning by the downs?

The suggestion had hardly arisen in his mind ere it had been confirmed by his falling in with some of the Endhill farm-servants who had come clattering along at a good pace in an empty cart, and who had readily shouted out that they had seen the horses take the turning towards the sea.

That was enough; he had instantly cut across a field, and a few minutes more had brought him to the well-known path over the downs which he and Matilda had so often traversed.

She certainly could not have passed, if what the laborers had stated were correct, and he had been justly confident of intercepting her, perhaps of persuading her to send on her horse with the groom, and walk the rest of the way home — a short two miles, — it would be a pleasant change; he had thought she would not refuse.

But waiting where he could command the best view of the path, Challoner had been struck, as Lady Matilda's attendant had been, by the numerous landslips along the coast; and one crack in particular,

more extensive than the rest, and plainly indicating that the loosened soil would fall ere long, had fixed his attention, and distracted it even from Matilda for a few minutes. He had walked forward to the brink of the cliff in order to discover whether or no any had actually given way; in the inquiry he had become engrossed for the moment; and the approaching horses making no sound with their hoofs on the soft, moist sod, he had neither heard nor seen them till they were too near for him to do more than raise a cry of warning.

The danger was evident; two heavy animals going at a round pace over the already insecure spot would certainly imperil themselves and their riders, and one of the two bore Matilda! His shout was almost a scream, for though himself well-nigh undistinguishable from the surrounding scrub and brushwood in the dusky light, he had instantly recognized her, her outline showing plainly against a lurid wintry sunset.

She now lay motionless and unconscious before him.

"Matilda!" cried Challoner, raising her in his arms — "Matilda! Oh, fool that I was! I have killed her by my own act. No, she is breathing yet; she is but stunned by the fall. There is no stone she can have hit her head against," looking round. "There is nothing; and the hat may have been a protection, though it is off now. But who can tell how and where the hurt may be, especially if — oh, if she would but open her eyes! This is dreadful. I have nothing — and there is nowhere —"

"There is the coast-guardsman's house up yonder, sir," said the groom, who had dismounted in order to recover his lady's horse, and who now came up on foot, holding the reins of both. "Is my lady very bad, sir? The ground is so soft —"

"See for yourself," sharply. "Where is the house you spoke of?"

"Just by here, sir. We passed it not half a minute ago. Shall I go on and get some one, sir?"

"Go on, and say I am bringing your mistress there. Look sharp. You will have to go for the doctor next thing."

He raised his helpless burden in his arms. The house was even nearer than the man had thought, and they were there immediately.

"Brandy!" cried Challoner, laying Matilda on the little couch of the room into which he was ushered. "Brandy! Quick! A good dose —"

"Oh, sir," remonstrated the female, who appeared to be host and hostess in one, but who was all helpless amazement and consternation, "oh, sir, my husband is the coast-guardsman, sir —"

"Never mind what he is. Do, for heaven's sake —"

"Brandy, sir, we never have," reproachfully.

"What do you have? Anything — only be quick —"

At length he got what he little expected, a spoonful of sal-volatile, with many explanations as to the medical man's orders about the same, which, we need hardly say, were spoken to deaf ears.

"Shall your servant fetch the doctor now, sir, he wishes to know?" were the first words conveying any impression to the mind of the distracted Challoner.

"Doctor? Fetch the doctor? Do you mean to say he has not gone yet?" he began savagely, — but on a sudden he stopped short. Something had happened.

"I believe she is coming round," murmured the speaker to himself. "Certainly that was a sigh. And there, she sighs again. Matilda," in a whisper — "Matilda." Then raising himself and turning round, "Send off the groom at once. Tell him to fetch the doctor, and also a carriage from the Hall. Do you understand? He is first to get the doctor, and then the carriage. Tell him to be off at once. And, I say, just shut the door, will you?"

"Is the lady better, sir?"

"Better? Yes. She must be quiet now, please," impatiently.

"Is there nothing I can do, sir?"

"Nothing — nothing — nothing, thank you. She will be all right presently. Kindly leave us now. I will fetch you if —" The words died away. The sufferer had unclosed her eyes, but neither she nor Challoner noticed that the door softly closed, and that they were alone; a thousand prying eyes would scarce have been needful at that moment.

"Matilda," whispered he — he was still kneeling by her side, enfolding her in his arms, — "Matilda, do you know me, my darling? Oh, my darling, look, look again! See, it is I. And I thought I had killed you — I did indeed. Are you hurt, dearest? Are you in pain?" trembling for her answer. "What? I can't hear. Just whisper. See, draw a breath. Tell me, does that hurt? You shake your head. Oh, thank God! — what! not anywhere — not anywhere? Heaven be

thanked! I can scarce believe it. I thought those dear eyes might never —" he could not finish.

"Oh, my love! — my own love," he burst forth again, "to think that I, I who would lay down my life for your dear sake — that I should have been the one to do so cruel a thing! How I hate myself! But you, you will not hate me, will you, darling? Nay, don't move. I *must* have you, must hold you thus, else I shall think, shall feel as if — stay, dearest," passionately; "see, you are in my arms. It is I," his lips pressed her cheek.

"This is I," he breathed in her ear.

A faint sob, a gasping, shivering sigh escaped beneath the touch.

"Good heavens, you *are* hurt!" exclaimed Challoner, again alarmed. "Something has struck you — you are concealing it from me! Oh, where? Tell me how and what you feel, and — oh, my dearest, tell me —"

Again that convulsive shudder.

"Is this position painful?" inquired he. "Can I ease it in any way? Lean on me, put your arms round my neck — what? Oh, I have been too bold. I know it. I am beginning to recollect now, but — but — I will not, I cannot care: I will think only of you, not of myself. What can I do for you now? Are you deceiving me? If I only knew that —" anxiety again arising.

"No."

She had spoken at last.

"It is you, not I," said poor Matilda, struggling for sense and coherency. "You are the one who —" she fell back again upon her pillow.

It was obvious, however, that she had not relapsed into unconsciousness, and Challoner, whose fears were allayed anew, contented himself with fond murmurs and soothing assurances, while he again and again assured the passive listener of his presence and of his love. It seemed as though his tongue, thus loosened and set free at last, could not stint itself, could never cease to exclaim and endear; and as the motionless form of Matilda, still confused and bewildered, yielded involuntarily to his embrace, his passion found vent unchecked for some minutes, and past and future were swallowed up in the too exquisite present.

Then all at once he felt a movement different from any the sufferer had yet made. "Let me get up," she said faintly. "Let me sit up. I — I want to speak."

"You are hardly fit to speak yet, dearest," replied Challoner, his deep tones full

of tenderness. "What! You really wish to change your position? Gently, then; let me support you —"

"No, don't support me, Mr. Challoner," said Matilda quietly; "I would rather — you — did not."

He withdrew his arm, but remained kneeling before her.

"Do you not understand?" he said.

"I understand; yes. But we ought to understand each other, I think. Will you please get up?"

"Dear," said Challoner, laying his hand on hers, — "dear, you speak strangely; you do not know what you are saying —"

A smile woke up upon her face — a smile so woful, so wintry, that it chilled the very blood in his veins, for it seemed to him the smile of one distraught; and his fears at once led him to attribute any wandering of the mind to the recent fall, whose ill effects had not yet been fully ascertained.

"You are — are —" he stammered in new agitation.

"I am not mad," replied Matilda; "I am not mad. I" — putting her hand to her head, as one awakening to the sharp reaction which follows on the heels of a narcotic — "would you mind repeating once again what you were saying just now?"

"What I said just now?"

"About me."

"About you, my dearest?"

"Yes, that's it; about me, your 'dearest.' Well?"

"Lie down again, sweet one," said Challoner soothingly; "lie down here, as you were before. Nay, don't put me away. I will say it all — anything you wish, only —" again attempting to draw her towards him.

"You will?" cried Matilda, suddenly springing up and thrusting him back with a look of horror. "You will? And you would dare? What?" panting out each word as she had strength for it. "Dare to — touch me? to insult me? to perjure — yourself? You would? Have you — no shame? no pity? no — no — oh, God forgive you, Mr. Challoner, for I never can." She covered her face with her hands, and he heard her sobbing behind them.

It may seem incredible, but until that moment it had never crossed Challoner's mind that anything could have occurred since he had left Overton in the morning, when Matilda had followed him to the door, and waved to him from the door-

step. He now understood it all; his hands fell by his side; he stood up, and his face changed.

"If you please, is the lady better?" inquired a voice without. "I thought I heard you calling, sir. Do you feel better, ma'am? Deary me!" cried the good woman, beholding Matilda's averted face and heaving bosom — "deary me! she is bad. But that's always the way with the 'sterics, they say, sir," turning to the gentleman; "and 'sterics after an accident comes natural! It will do the poor thing good to cry a bit."

Without a word, Challoner led the speaker to the door, for she had advanced to the sofa, and was standing in contemplation of the unhappy Matilda, as she thus delivered her opinion.

"You think she had best not be meddled with, sir? And to be sure, I bain't no great hand at doctoring. Well-a-well! Then you'll kindly call again if you want anything? There's more of the sal-volatile;" but the door had closed.

Challoner had closed it. Then he went and stood by the window, and heard the gusts of wind pass by. It seemed as if there were nothing left for him to do now. All was over, and he found himself dully wondering how it had ever gone on so long.

"Mr. Challoner?"

He turned.

"If you have anything — to say," said Lady Matilda, in a hoarse whisper — "I should like — I should wish — I will hear it before we part now, and part forever. This shameful scene may end now. Be quick; I wish to be alone. Be quick — and — go."

"Lady Matilda —" he stopped.

"Well?"

"I have nothing to say."

"Nothing, Mr. Challoner? — nothing?"

He bowed.

"You have *nothing* to say," she proceeded, with a slow frown gathering over her brow; "and yet I was more than 'Lady Matilda' just now. I was — was I not? — all that was most dear, most beloved; and you have 'nothing' to say now? Say *something*, sir — you can surely think of *something*," cried she, with rising anger; "you were ready enough with your falsehoods a few minutes ago."

"They were no falsehoods," murmured Challoner almost inaudibly.

She stopped to listen, and listened on until he spoke again.

"They were no falsehoods. *You* know that. For the rest, I repeat, I have nothing to say."

"You cannot even defend yourself."

"I will not defend myself."

"By heavens!" burst forth Matilda in a passion of irrepressible scorn — "by heavens! this is the man who says he loves me, and swears I am dear to him — who had almost made me forget myself, and — and — oh, what am I saying? I that have been so duped, so deceived — I that would have —" suddenly her hands came together, and she wrung them in her agony.

Challoner's lips moved, but no sound escaped them.

"He loves me and weds another," cried Matilda, beginning again. "He kisses me, and vows to her. I am only one of two; and she, the other, has the prior claim. She, poor girl, has the right to this man — this hypocrite: she can claim him — thank God it *is* she, and not I. Go to her, Mr. Challoner," gathering fresh disdain with every sentence — "go quickly, lest another come in your way, and you are tempted again, and — and — oh, go to her; she knows nothing as yet. There is plenty of time. Go, and she will receive you with open arms; she suspects nothing. The marriage is to be immediately, — oh, I know all about it. She is very confiding; she does not ask where Mr. Challoner passes his time when he is not at Clinkton; she likes him to enjoy himself, and make the most of his ante-nuptial holiday — oh, poor girl, poor girl!" cried the speaker, dropping all at once her accents of bitter mockery — "poor — poor — miserable — ill-fated girl —"

Challoner raised his head, and looked out of the window.

"Is she, too, your 'dearest'? Is she also your love?" The wretched Matilda was struggling for a hold on her emotions. "Is she — is she —"

No reply.

"Speak!" shrieked Matilda, and fell back on the sofa, senseless.

When she came again to herself, all was as before, and consciousness returning more speedily than at first, she became almost at once aware of Challoner's presence at her side, and his voice close to her ear sent an involuntary thrill throughout her frame. Challoner was using restoratives, which he had instantly procured; and as soon as he perceived these

to be no longer needed, he retreated a pace, and assumed the tone of a physician.

"You must not again exert yourself, Lady Matilda, or the consequences may really be serious. You must be so good as to remain perfectly quiet now. No one will come in, and I — I shall not annoy you."

Presently he saw the tears flowing over her cheeks. "If I have been unjust to you," she murmured, "say it."

He could not say it.

"If you have not deceived two women who trusted you, and who could have — loved you, say it."

Again he could not.

"Only one thing," implored she, fixing on him her eye — could he ever in years to come forget the anguish depicted in that dark, full, swimming eye? — "only one thing: *which?*"

Then she knew by his face which, and hid her own.

"If I could only leave her now," thought Challoner, in justice to whom it must be said that fear of the effect a continuance of such emotions might have on the unhappy Matilda in her present state predominated; "my being here — but I cannot go till I have seen her in better hands. I cannot go, unless she herself sends me. Will that carriage ever come?")

Then he heard his name again, and took a swift resolution.

"Lady Matilda," he said, "I — I had better go. I cannot see you, hear you, be with you thus, and keep my senses longer. Because I have played the fool, I need not play the madman, and — shall I go?"

He almost thought she would have said no. He hardly yet knew Matilda.

"Yes, go," she answered solemnly — "go to her whom you have wronged still more cruelly than you have wronged me. She has not even your love — such as it is. Go to her, and on your knees, in the sight of God, tell her the truth at last. Promise before God to be false to her no more. She may forgive you, — some women are forgiving. — I," said Matilda, and a pale light fell on her face from without — "I am not one of them."

After a short pause, she held out her hand; he knelt, overpowered by his own bitter feelings, to take it — it may have been but a few seconds, it may have been longer — "Go, go," she whispered faintly, — and deaf and dumb and blind to all beside, out into the cold wet dusk he went.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## ALL GONE IN AN HOUR.

"Fortune makes quick despatch, and in a day  
May strip you bare as beggary itself."

CUMBERLAND.

"OH Lord, Mr. Challoner, Mr. Edward is over the cliff!"

"Over the devil! What are you talking about?"

Challoner threw off roughly a man who seized upon him as he emerged from the cottage, and in whom he scarcely recognized Lady Matilda's usually silent and attentive groom Charles, the same whom he had himself despatched for aid so shortly before, but who with affrighted countenance and disordered speech was now full of a new disaster.

"Oh Lord, sir, — it's true, sir!" cried he. "It's Mr. Edward, sir. He was riding along the downs here just now, and —"

"Mr. Edward is not at home, you fool."

"He is, sir, — he was, sir, — oh what am I saying? He was at home only an hour ago; but he'll never be at home any more, — oh Lord, and he such a fine gentleman!"

"Speak sense, can't you?" he was shaken rudely by the shoulder. "What has happened? What —"

"It was to Endhill he went first, sir, — he went before you came home, Mr. Challoner; then you went the same way, but you came down the byroad, — but Mr. Edward, he rides straight home again as soon as ever he finds my lady not there; and then, when he finds her not at home neither, and hears you was off to meet her, he falls a-swearin'," — the man was too much excited to care what he said, — "and nothing would serve him but to be off after you."

"And he has been thrown too? And all this time — where is he all this time?"

"Oh Lord, sir, it's no use now! They are all there — my lord, and all of them —"

"Oh," said Challoner, stopping short.

"'Twas right along here he was coming, sir, him and Trumpeter — the coast-guard see them going along like anything — and all in a minute down they went, not twenty yards from the place where you ran out upon us, sir. It was a slip, sure enough, sir; and you was right enough, and there they are both lying now, — oh Lord! oh Lord!" and the poor fellow broke off, blubbering like an infant.

"Stop that, confound you!" said Challoner, who had himself had about as much as he could bear. "Stop that, and — what the deuce does it all mean? I don't

understand," putting up his hand to his hot head.

"The place is close by, sir," Charles made an effort and began again, — "a little bit of a slip that wouldn't ha' hurt a fly if Mr. Edward had been walking, — he'd ha' had a tumble, and no harm done; but it was that great brute of a horse — he never would ride nothing but Trumpeter — and the men says they went down like a flash, and Mr. Edward's neck's broke, and Trumpeter, they are going to shoot him — oh Lord!" — with a start and a fresh outbreak as the report of a gun close at hand carried its own interpretation to the minds of both. "Oh — oh — oh," began the groom —

"If you don't hold that d——d tongue of yours," said Challoner, in a cold, dangerous tone, "I'll pitch you down the place after them, and you may break your neck too, if you choose. Tell me the rest, and tell it, in God's name, so that I can understand. Is Mr. Edward killed?"

"Never spoke nor moved since they got at him, sir," sobbed the man — "never raised so much as a finger; and his head's all a-hanging down, and Mr. Whewell, he says —"

"Whewell!"

"Mr. Whewell is there, and them all, sir."

"Whewell! I must be mad. Go on — go on! Whewell! Who next?"

"My lord is just standing by as if he never would move or speak again in this world; and Mr. Hanwell, 'twas he sent me to tell you: they are afraid of her hearing," looking back at the cottage, "so I was to get at you quiet — that was how we was so long, sir; and see here, sir, here's the very place; and Mr. Whewell says there ain't no hope whatever, for he has been dead this half-hour. 'Oh Lord!' — under his breath — "and such a little bit of a slip too!"

"Do you say, do you mean that it was this very place that I warned you off which gave way with him?" said Challoner, a new and strange vibration in his pulses. "Good God! And if I had been five minutes later —"

"We'd ha' been down as sure as fate, Mr. Challoner. Two of us — and there was only one of he! 'Oh Lord! the ground must ha' been just like a piece of rotten cake, it must. Oh, I told her ladyship twice the ground warn't fit to go on; but she'd no more listen to me than —"

"And it was here?" continued Challoner, unheeding, — "here?" his tone betraying the awe and horror in his breast.

"And is that—I can't see—" straining his eyeballs to pierce the gloom,— "is that *them*?"

"Them it is, sir!" He was responded to in a whisper as low as his own, for the group which had gathered around the dead man was not a couple of hundred yards off.

Challoner stood still with compressed lips.

"Aren't you going on, sir?"

No reply.

"They are expecting you, sir."

Still no movement.

"I was sent to bring you —"

"Tchah! Be quiet, can't you?" He could have struck the fellow for his officious and intolerable suggestions. "You go down to your master and say—I am coming—or, stop —"

"My lord sees you; he is coming towards us, sir."

Whatever Challoner had intended doing was thus perforce set aside. The two hands met; there was a silence, with averted faces; then, without a word, they stumbled forward together over the loose clods and turf to the fatal spot.

Here were assembled what seemed to be quite a large number of men and boys, a spectral group of figures in the dim light,—for those who had beheld the accident had, in terrified haste, made it known far and wide without loss of an instant,—and the result was, that the first confused impression Challoner's overstrained faculties received was that he was confronted by every face he had ever seen or known at Overton. That so many people had been so quickly got together in such a lonely spot was his next foolish wonder.

The truth was, he had no idea how long a time had elapsed since he had last known or cared anything about what was going on in the outer world. For him there had only been one thought, one agony. Within that little room he had been living a great death; and in the retrospect, all the bitterness of that bitter dream might have been concentrated into a single drop. He had destroyed the sense of time.

In reality, however, a full hour had gone by.

The landslip had taken place within a very short time of his having seen that it was impending, having been doubtless precipitated by the weight and force of a horse and rider; and now all that was left of the young life so ruthlessly cut short were cold, inanimate remains, already

growing stiff in death. That the end had been instantaneous was apparent, and this was the only sad consolation.

"Went down with the slip," whispered one of the sailors in Challoner's ear, as he and Lord Overton mutely joined the group. "We, my mates and I, was up there, and saw him come ridin' hard along the bank; and as he went by, one of our chaps says, 'That's too near,' and we turned to look. I don't know if we holaled to him or not; the next thing was, Bill here cried, 'He's down!' and we down with our things and after him as hard as we could run. Soon as we get to the top, we sees him lyin' just where he is now, and we all come down—for 'tis easy enough to get at it, ye see—and as soon as we come nigh the gentleman, I says to Bill," in a still deeper whisper, "says I, 'He's done for.' Knowned it fra the first, by the way he was lyin'. The horse was over there, throwin' out his legs —"

"How soon did you get down?"

"Warn't two seconds, sir. Less time than it takes tellin', we was all here; and we lifted him up and pulled open his collar, and one of them fetched water, and we turned him this way and that way,—no use, no use," shaking his head mournfully, "not a breath was left in his body; and that gentleman there says, 'tis the neck that's broke. He must ha' pitched right on to it, over the horse's head. The slip's nothing—bits like that is always comin' away; and now, with all the snow that's been on it, and soakin' into it for days and days, one would ha' thought any gentleman about here would ha' knowned to keep off the edge. They say he is the Earl of Overton's brother. Bill says so. I'm new to these parts, though I've lived along the coast all my days. It's the same coast all along. Well, the Lord's will be done, poor lad. And the horse too!"

Dumbly Challoner stood. He did not hear much, he did not feel much—that is to say, he was not conscious of feeling. Now that the woful scene before him began solemnly to assert its right to a place, to the place in his mind, from very excess and complexity of emotions he found himself gradually becoming calm. Bare-headed in the cold rain, and with the salt air blowing on his brow, he stood with the rest, tongue-tied and petrified, gazing on the dead.

Poor, beautiful, unfortunate Teddy! Hapless brother,—Matilda's brother,—her care, her charge, the object of her tenderness, the solace of her loneliness.

This was all that was left to her now. One brief hour had robbed her on this side and on that — had snatched by different ways a brother and a lover: cruel fate had struck her twice with deadly aim ere she had had time to draw a breath between.

At intervals he heard the hoarse whispering of the men, who were uneasily endeavoring to recollect or suggest anything appropriate to the scene; but even these by degrees died away, for one and all had already looked, and touched, and felt the cold, limp hands, and listened at the fallen lips, and had severally drawn back with a shadow upon their rough, weather-beaten faces. They were now solemnly still, or only broke the silence to groan a smothered ejaculation and heave a sigh.

At length Whewell rose.

He had been kneeling upon the wet turf, supporting in his arms the lifeless clay, and in his own active mind, even while thus engaged, considering what might best be done for the afflicted family, — how information should be given to the authorities, the shock softened to Lady Matilda, Lord Overton spared more painful effort than was needful — how, in short, everything should be done that could be done to mitigate the terrors of the scene.

To explain how he and Robert Hanwell came there, we must just inform our readers that they had been met on the road between Endhill and Overton, and had been informed of the disaster even before tidings had been carried to the Hall. Robert had undertaken to be himself the bearer of these, while Whewell had at once hastened to the fatal spot. He now rose and addressed Challoner.

"We want to get Lord Overton away," he said in a low aside. "There is really nothing to be done, poor fellow; it has been all over some time — indeed there is not a doubt that the end was instantaneous, for the neck is broken, and these men say he has never stirred since. If Lord Overton would go; but Hanwell does not like to press him — could you?" inquiringly.

"Yes — what?" replied Challoner, struggling to be equally clear-sighted. "What — ah — do you want?"

"Get Lord Overton away. Tell him there is nothing to be done. It is nonsense Hanwell's saying he does not like to intrude; we are all getting wet through, and the night is coming on. It will be difficult enough as it is. Get him away now, if you can; and Lady Matilda — "

Challoner looked up sharply.

"Where is she?" continued the speaker, with a sudden change of tone.

Challoner turned away.

"If we don't take care, some of these fools will blurt it all out to her as it stands, and there will be the devil to pay if they do," said Whewell shortly. "You know where Lady Matilda is? They say she has been thrown from her horse too. Is that the case?"

"Yes."

"Hurt?"

"No."

"I will take Lord Overton to the cottage where his sister is," said Challoner, after a moment's hesitation. "I will show him the place and leave him there. Then I will go on to the Hall — "

"Ay, and tell them to have a room ready — you understand? Yes, that will do. Hanwell and I can wait here; we shan't go near the Overtons — "

"Certainly not," said Challoner, with a scowl.

"And you will not either," observed Whewell coolly. "They will be best by themselves. Look sharp, Challoner. I believe I hear the carriage — "

Challoner, without a word, put his hand through Lord Overton's arm, and led him unresistingly away.

"You are not going at once?"

It is an hour later, and the scene is once more laid in Overton Hall. Challoner has intimated that he is about to depart — he is no more needed; the tramp of feet has died away along the dim old gallery; the doors are shut; the voices are hushed; the weeping attendants, who shroud one silent chamber, move noiselessly hither and thither as they perform their last sad services to the dead. Just across the passage, with only a few feet between, lies another form almost as white, almost as cold, scarcely more alive than he. Below, Robert Hanwell and his friends sit in mute and doleful assemblage; and no one knows where Overton is.

"You are not going at once?" says Robert, whom circumstances thus compel to act the host. "It is seven o'clock, and you have had nothing — you must indeed oblige yourself to eat something, Challoner," apologetically; "you will be ill."

"I couldn't, thanks. I shall catch the evening train by going now. Don't say anything to any one. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. But I am sure if Lord Overton knew — "

Challoner hears no more. In the outer hall he encounters Overton, and again they confront each other point-blank without chance of escape.

"Yes, I understand. I do not ask you to stay." It is Overton who speaks. "I understand." He puts his hand to his eyes, turns away, comes back again, and holds it out. Challoner takes it, wrings it, wrenches it as though he never could let it go. It will, he says, never be offered to him again. He will never see that kindly face again. He will never more cross that threshold. His memory will be blotted out, his name be unmentioned. Oh that it had been he, and not the other, who on that night had been taken!

When he arrives at his rooms, he finds a telegram which he ought to have had before, and which explains why Lady Fairleigh had not kept her appointment with him in the afternoon. He has almost forgotten that she had not done so. He reads the telegram stupidly. Reads that his father, who is at Paris, is dangerously ill, and that his presence is desired there at once. Reads, and feels that even this sad intelligence hardly concerns him at all. Wonders if anything else will ever concern him in this world again, — and thinks — not.

No. He thinks not.

From Temple Bar.  
HAYWARD'S ESSAYS.

LORD BEACONSFIELD, in "Lothair," insinuates that critics are men who have failed in literature and art. Be that as it may, it must be admitted that they bear their misfortunes with cheerfulness. They are eminently good-natured. The novel which contains this bitter remark was received with rapturous enthusiasm. One cantankerous critic alone proved restive, and he certainly hit hard when he likened its gorgeous descriptions to the "gin-inspired dreams of a sensuous butler." The only fault of the critics of the day is that they are too apt when praising the present to sneer at the past. There is no need to address them in the words of Mark Antony, "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now." Tears are always trembling in their eyelids, ready to gush out on all occasions, whether over the bitter cry of outcast and horrible London, or the fragrant memory of a Highland gillie. Every book seems to be the best of all possible books. With regard to

the stage, everybody will admit that our Lenvilles, our Fotheringays, and our Snevelliçis are the best of all possible performers; but why, when announcing that interesting fact, should it be necessary to sneer at the Kembles and Keans of past generations?

In the art of painting we are pre-eminent, and our Royal Academicians are held up to public admiration as the greatest artists that ever adorned the State. But why was it necessary for an eminent critic to go out of his way in designating Sir Joshua Reynolds as a snob? There are a few benighted beings belonging to the olden time twaddling about London, who still cling to their faith in the great ones of former days. It would be a kindness on the part of critics not to hurt the feelings of these poor creatures by any further bitter attacks on their cherished idols.

We think Lord Beaconsfield's sneer was addressed to Mr. Hayward, who, when a writer in the *Morning Chronicle*, had given him cause for grave uneasiness. Lord Beaconsfield, in his memorable speech on the Duke of Wellington's death, had cribbed from M. Thiers a considerable part of his eulogium. Mr. Hayward was very busy in making this fact public. We recollect the sensation made when the discovery was first unfolded in the *Globe*. Mrs. Disraeli, unconscious of the coming storm, went out to a party that night, and entering the room, announced in loud tones, proud of her lord's new honor, "I left the chancellor of the exchequer reading the evening paper." "Oh, what delightful reading he will find in it!" responded a malicious Whig peer.

The critics of the past generation were a contrast to the present; they were truculent in the extreme. Macaulay was the most savage. He not only boasted of beating poor Mr. Croker black and blue, but once he actually depreciated him in comparison with a polecat! If anybody wants to know what they were, let him read the "Correspondence of Macvey Napier," the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. Anybody who thinks that Mr. Napier's critics would agree together because they were under his sole command, would make as great a mistake as the keeper who took his gamecocks to a fight in one basket, under the idea that as they belonged to one master they would not quarrel and tear each other to pieces.

Lord Brougham writes to Mr. Napier:

Why will Macaulay fancy that a luscious style is fine writing? and why will he disgust

one with talking of *men's blue eyes*? I really could not stand it. Always on stilts, never able to say the plainest things in a plain way, wrapping up his meaning, half poetry, half novel, no argument, no narrative — fifty little periods in a paragraph, fifty little sparkling points in a sentence. In leaving the article I just saw another outrage, "poor dear old Dr. Johnson," or some such vulgarity. It is very provoking when a man has such extraordinary abilities, and see the result of it all. He is absolutely renowned in society as the greatest bore that ever yet appeared.

Macaulay writes to Mr. Napier about Lord Brougham's articles: —

They are not made for duration. Everything about them is exaggerated, incorrect, and sketchy. *All the characters are too black or too fair. The passions of the writer do not suffer him to maintain even the decent appearance of partiality*, and the style, though striking and animated, will not bear examination through one single paragraph.

Macaulay writes of Carlyle that he was absurdly overpraised by his admirers, and might as well have written in an unknown tongue.

Then Macaulay recommends Mr. Charles Buller as a contributor.

Macaulay writes: —

The sort of subject that would suit him best would be a volume of Travels in the United States, an absurd biography, like Sir William Knighton's, the crazy publications of the teetotalers, and so forth.

When Macaulay wrote his celebrated article on Warren Hastings, the ungrateful Charles Buller wrote a letter to Mr. Napier, condemning strongly the style in which it was written.

Then Mr. Leigh Hunt appears on the scene. He had written to Mr. Napier to say he would contribute a *chatty* article to the *Review*, and he is sternly informed that he had better write a *gentlemanlike* one, an observation that threw the unhappy poet into hysterics, and it required all Macaulay's kind soothing to restore his shattered nerves.

The great Thackeray suffered more than any one, as his article (he was not yet author of "Vanity Fair") was remorselessly curtailed.

Thackeray writes to Mr. Napier, —

From your liberal payment I can't but conclude that you reward me not only for laboring, but for being mutilated in your service. I assure you I suffered cruelly by the amputation which you were obliged to perform upon my poor dear paper. I mourn still, as what father can help doing for his children? for several lovely jokes and promising *facetiae*

which were born, and might have lived, but for your scissors, urged by ruthless necessity. Oh, to think of my pet passages gone forever!

Alas, every writer suffers occasionally from the pruning-pen of a judicious editor!

Mr. Chorley, the musical critic of the *Athenaeum*, was always quarrelling with numberless enemies. He once went out to a dinner party, where he found he was not on speaking terms with one of the men who had been invited to meet him. He was remorselessly attacked, but used to say, "Thank God, I can scratch too," and scratch he did, with a vengeance. He once delivered himself into the hands of his enemies, for he wrote a play, had it acted, had it damned. We cannot say he had altogether fair play, for the hissing began before the curtain drew up.

Mr. Hayward was also a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, but his letters do not appear in the Napier correspondence. There is only one mention of him by Macaulay, who designates his article on Parisian morals and manners as "somewhat frivolous."

Mr. Hayward received great assistance in his social career from the kind encouragement of Lord Lyndhurst, who, if not constant in politics, seems to have been so in friendship. There has lately been an interminable "ladies' battle" respecting the character of Lord Lyndhurst. Even his judicial merits have been sneered at by rancorous partisans. In answer to these attacks, we have only to give an extract from the unpublished memoirs of Sir John Rolt, some portions of which have been given to the world by his friend, Mr. Field, as to the injustice of such accusations.

Lord Justice Rolt writes: —

A great merit of Lyndhurst was his manner of hearing a cause. It was better calculated than the manner of any other judge I have ever seen, to get at the truth and justice of the case. He always made me feel (and seemed to wish to do so) that he and I were engaged on the same work — the administration of justice. He treated me as a person who was to be heard and understood, and not wrangled with. He did not sit absolutely quiet during the argument, but indulged in no interruption that could ruffle the temper of counsel. At the end of an argument, or at the end of any separate branch of it, he would sum up what had been said, telling us that of course he gave no opinion upon it, but that he wished to see if he rightly understood the speaker's view of the case, and never, or scarcely ever, had I to add a word to his summary of what I had said or argued. It was full, round, and complete,

and perfectly fair. All that remained to be done, was to say, "That is my exact case, my lord," and to sit down, or to proceed to the next branch of the case. The value of this in the administration of justice is very great. The contrary practice of answering, or sneering at and pooh-poohing, a weak argument (often the best the case will afford), is the almost universal habit of judges. This serves to irritate the counsel, and prevents him from attempting the calm conduct of a cause becoming one who has a duty, not only to his client, but a duty to assist the judge in getting at truth and justice; it tends to make the counsel unscrupulous, and anxious to snatch a victory—if he can, by any means—from his antagonist, the judge. At the same time it makes a partisan of the judge; when the case is concluded he has been counsel on one side, and carries the feeling of counsel into his judgment, and if he has served every counsel in the cause the same way, as is sometimes done, he has destroyed the judicial moderation and temper necessary in all cases, but especially so in causes in the Court of Chancery, where frequently no party to the cause is absolutely right in every point, and the decree consequently requires unprejudiced judgment on a variety of points. Now, Lyndhurst was wholly free from any kind of partisanship. As I have said, he impressed counsel (or at least he did me) with the notion that we were all engaged in one common labor. He always seemed to tell me, "It is your duty to assist me by telling me truly all that can be said on one side of the question, it will be your opponent's duty to do the same on the other, and mine to judge between you. I cannot do my duty efficiently without your help."

Mr. Hayward's career as a lawyer was not a successful one, and Lord Lyndhurst incurred great obloquy when he made him a queen's counsel. We do not remember that he was employed in any great case, except in that of Mrs. Norton, when she engaged in a lawsuit with her husband respecting the custody of her children. Mr. Hayward wisely found out his true mission in life; his early articles in the *Edinburgh Review* were received with unbounded favor. Henceforth he contributed largely to the amusement and instruction of mankind, not only in the *Edinburgh*, but also in *Fraser's Magazine* and the *Quarterly Review*. His knowledge of the memoirs of the eighteenth century was great, and we think one of his best articles was the review of the "Correspondence of George Selwyn and his Contemporaries."

Mr. Hayward writes:—

There is a charm in the bare title of this book. It is an *open sesame* to a world of pleasant things. As at the ringing of the manager's bell, the curtain rises and discovers

a brilliant *tableau* of wits, beauties, statesmen, and men of pleasure about town, attired in the quaint costume of our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers; or, better still, we feel as if we had obtained the reverse of Bentham's wish—to live a part of his life at the end of the *next* hundred years—by being permitted to live a part of ours about the beginning of the *last*, with an advantage he never stipulated for, that of spending it with the pleasantest people of the day.

Readers of the correspondence of Horace Walpole and George Selwyn do indeed revel in a world of pleasant things, mixed with some considerable quantity of evil. In no correspondence that we are aware of is there such a complete and lively account of the wicked ways of the wicked world of London in the olden days. Everybody in this world seemed to live for pleasure alone. No serious subject seems to have entered into their imaginations. Even an earthquake was received with ridicule.

We have been lately suffering from the effects of an earthquake; let us see what the gay people of a former time thought on the subject.

Horace Walpole writes:—

You will not wonder so much at the earthquakes as at the effects they have had. All the women in the town have taken them upon the foot of *Judgments*; and the clergy, who have had no windfalls for a long season, have driven horse and foot into this opinion. There has been a shower of sermons and exhortations; Secker, the Jesuitical Bishop of Oxford, began the mode. He heard the women were all going out of town to avoid the shock, and so, for fear of losing his Easter offerings, he set himself to advise them to await God's pleasure in fear and trembling. But what is more astonishing, Sherlock, who has much better sense and much less of the Popish confessor, has been running a race with him for the old ladies, and has written a pastoral letter of which ten thousand were sold in two days; and fifty thousand have been subscribed for, since the two first editions.

It was not only the old ladies who were frightened—indeed frantic terror prevailed, and seven hundred and thirty carriages were seen passing Hyde Park corner with whole parties, flying into the country.

What will you think [writes Horace Walpole] of Lady Catherine Pelham, Lady Frances Arundel, and Lord and Lady Galway, who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town where they are to play at brag till five in the morning, and then come back, I suppose, to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish?

The gamblers at White's Club seem, like Horace Walpole, to have treated the whole affair lightly, as a parson going in there on the morning of earthquake the first heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder-mills, and went out scandalized, saying, "I protest, they are such an impious set of people, that I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against judgment." Warm dresses were made for the ladies, called "earthquake gowns," in order that they might sit out of doors at night without suffering. Fast young gentlemen returning home from parties knocked at people's doors, crying out in a watchman's voice, "Past four o'clock, and a dreadful earthquake!" All this, of course, was very absurd, to say the least of it; but we solemnly believe that if in these virtuous times there happened to be earthquake the first and earthquake the second, with a prophecy of earthquake the third, "the fools and idiots of society," as they are benignly called by Mr. Charles Greville, would perform the same vagaries as their predecessors in the gay reign of George II.

So much for earthquakes. In 1779 society was full of discussions about the state of the weather and the change it occasioned in the temperaments of mankind. The heat of the summer was so intense that frightful consequences ensued. Shakespeare tells us that when the moon comes too near the earth it makes men mad. The sun in 1779 brought this calamity in its train. The murder of Lord Sandwich's mistress, Miss Ray, by a clergyman, was the commencement of a fever which raged in London. Dr. Warner, George Selwyn's friend, gives an account of the matter which Mr. Hayward thinks a model of condensation.

Dr. Warner writes:—

The history of Hackman, Miss Ray's murderer, is this. He was recruiting at Huntingdon, appeared at the ball, was asked by Lord Sandwich to Hinchinbrooke, was introduced to Miss Ray, became violently enamored of her, made proposals, and was sent into Ireland where his regiment was. He sold out, came back on purpose to be near the object of his affections, took orders, but could not bend the inflexible fair in a black coat more than in a red. He could not live without her. He meant only to kill himself, and that in her presence; but seeing her coquet it at the play with a young Irish templar, Macnamara, he suddenly determined to dispatch him too. He is to be tried on Friday, and hanged on Monday.

Lady Ossory, the favorite correspondent of Horace Walpole, in a letter to George Selwyn gives a most amusing description of the eccentricities of these victims of the sun.

Lady Ossory writes:—

This Asiatic weather has certainly affected our cold constitutions. The Duchess of B— is afraid of being shot wherever she goes. A man has followed Miss Clavering *on foot* from the East Indies, is quite mad; and scenes are daily expected even in the drawing-room. Another man has sworn to shoot a Miss Something, *n'importe*, if she did not run away with him from the opera. Sir Joshua Reynolds has a niece who is troubled with one of these passionate admirers, to whom she refused her hand, and her door. He came a few days since to Sir Joshua's, asked if she was at home, and on being answered in the negative, he desired the footman to tell her to take care, for he was determined to ravish her (pardon the word) whenever he met her. Keep our little friend (Mie Mie) at Paris whilst this mania lasts, for no age will be spared to be in fashion, and I am sure Mie Mie is quite as much in danger as the person I quoted in my first page.

It is singular that Sydney Smith always maintained that virtue was a question of weather, and that if we had a torrid climate the manners and morals of England would be changed.

We give an extract from a notebook:—

On a very sultry day in June, as Sydney Smith was sitting on Miss Rogers's balcony after a breakfast there, he observed, "If this weather were to last it would change the whole moral economy of the country; we should give up port wine and marriage, and addict ourselves to sherbet and polygamy."

Mr. Hayward writes:—

In addition to Selwyn's other places, the voice of his contemporaries conferred on him that of Receiver-General of Waif-and-Stray Jokes; for as D'Alembert sarcastically observed to the Abbé Voisenon, who complained that he was unduly charged with the absurd sayings of others, "Monsieur l'Abbé, on ne prête qu'aux riches."

Waif-and-stray jokes are the legitimate property of the great wits of the day, but it has ever been the fashion of certain sayers of good things to father their progeny on established authorities, and we have heard that the accomplished Henry Lord de Ros commenced some keen jests of his own with "As Alvanley says." Lord Alvanley seems to have acquired the position once occupied by George Selwyn in the great world. He was ready on every occasion. Once, when travelling with Berkeley Craven in

a postchaise and four, he was upset. They were naturally very indignant at the catastrophe. Berkeley Craven went up to the first postboy to punish him, but finding him an old man, he said, "Your *age* protects you." Lord Alvaaley went for postboy the second, but finding him a young and determined-looking fellow, wisely declined the combat, saying, "Your *youth* protects you."

Everybody who reads Mr. Hayward's "Pearls and Mock Pearls of History" must see how difficult it is to apportion correctly the reported sayings of great men. One of the most difficult cases we ever met with is the following.

James Smith writes:—

Our dinner party yesterday at H—'s chambers was very lively. Mrs. — was dressed in pink, with a black lace veil, her hair smooth. H— was the lion of the dinner-table, whereupon I, like Addison, did "maintain my dignity by a stiff silence." An opportunity for a *bon mot* occurred which I had not virtue sufficient to resist. Lord L— mentioned that an old lady, an acquaintance of his, kept her books in detached book-cases, the male authors in one, and the female in another. I said, "I suppose her reason was, she did not wish to increase her library." Altogether the conversation, considering the presence of ladies, was too manly. As Pepys says, in his memoirs, "Pleasant, but wrong."

The party at Mr. Hayward's consisted of Mrs. Norton, Lord Lyndhurst, Theodore Hook, and James Smith. James Smith was a man of undoubted truth and honor, and the last man in the world to claim other people's property; yet Mr. Hayward states the *bon mot* was Lord Lyndhurst's; the story, an invented pleasantry, illustrative of Madame de Genlis's prudery, and being related by another of the company. What is truth? A question like this makes us still further doubt the "Pearls of History." In spite of Mr. Hayward's general accuracy, we cannot help thinking that James Smith's version is the correct one. Be that as it may, it will go down to posterity as one of the few witty sayings attributed to Lord Lyndhurst. It will be observed that James Smith preserved a judicious silence in the presence of Theodore Hook. He did not like playing second fiddle to his successful rival. In those days the world of London was limited, and a great wit ruled like a despot over it. We recollect Theodore Hook extinguishing a great dandy of the name of Casement, by styling him the "Beau Window."

The more one reads the "Pearls and

Mock Pearls of History," the more one doubts the truth of history. Sir Walter Scott states in his "Life of Napoleon" that when the escape of Napoleon from Elba was reported to the Congress everybody laughed. In Rogers's "Recollections" it is stated that the Duke of Wellington said everybody laughed, the emperor of Russia most of all. Sir William Erle, when staying at Strathfield-saye, asked the duke whether this statement was true. The duke answered, "No, laugh, no; we did not laugh. We said, Where will he go? and Talleyrand said, 'I'll undertake to say where he'll not go, and that is to France.' Next day, when we met, the news had come that he had gone to France, and we laughed at Talleyrand. That's the only laugh I recollect."

Mr. Hayward writes:—

According to another version, accredited in the diplomatic world, Metternich said, "Quel événement!" Talleyrand answered, "Non, ce n'est qu'une nouvelle." Talleyrand's reputed sagacity must have deserted him.

It was in a *salon* at Paris, when Napoleon's death was announced, that a lady said, "Quel événement!" and Talleyrand remarked, "Non, ce n'est qu'une nouvelle." Talleyrand's reputed sagacity did not desert him when he said this.

Mr. Croker, in his "Essays on the French Revolution," states how impossible it is to ascertain the truth about the flight of the royal family to Varennes, as the twelve narratives of the witnesses and partakers of the expedition contradict each other on the most material points in the most inexplicable manner. Mr. Hayward has conclusively proved that the "last words" attributed to great men are generally apocryphal. There was some years ago a violent dispute as to whether the last words of Mr. Pitt were, "Oh, my country!" We have been told by a lady well acquainted with Mr. Pitt's history, that Mr. Pitt's butler, disappointed of a legacy, went about after his master's death, stating that Mr. Pitt's last words were, "I am very sorry I have not done anything for Jenkins."

In his essay on "the British Parliament," of course Mr. Hayward gives the prize of eloquence to Mr. Gladstone. It is, as he truly says, "Eclipse first and the rest nowhere." Of course this opinion may be questioned. There is generally a difference of opinion about the characters of "grand old men." Lord Tennyson describes Adam as a "grand old gardener,"

whilst that shrewdest of women, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, deprecates him as a miserable creature, who first ate the apple like a sot, and then turned informer like a scoundrel. Nobody understood Mr. Gladstone's character so well as Lord Palmerston. Once when there was a conversation about the marriage of Garibaldi with a rich English widow, who had taken a fancy to him, somebody said, "This cannot be, Garibaldi has a wife already." "That does not signify," said Lord Palmerston; "we will send Gladstone to explain her away."

Mr. Hayward, in his article on Canning, gives several extracts from his speeches. We also will give an extract from a speech of his which Mr. Pitt said was the finest speech ever heard on any occasion. It was delivered just after the glorious battle of the Nile, when Nelson swooped on the French fleet like a hawk on its prey:

Let us recollect the days and months of anxiety we passed before the intelligence of that memorable event reached us. It was an anxiety not of apprehension, but of impatience. Our prayers were put up not for success, but for an opportunity of deserving it. We asked, not that Nelson should conquer Buonaparte, but that Buonaparte should not have the triumph of deceiving and escaping him; not that we might gain the battle, but that we might find the enemy; for the rest we had nothing to fear.

Concurrent pariter cum ratibus rates,  
Spectre Numina Ponti, et  
Palmarum qui meruit ferat.

"Palmarum qui meruit ferat" was chosen as Lord Nelson's motto.

Mr. Hayward was a "universal provider" of articles on every imaginable subject. The one on "British Field Sports" is delightful reading.

Mr. Hayward writes:—

We have occasionally risked our lives in a battue, wettled a line in the Tweed, walked ourselves to a downright stand-still across a country at "Mr. Stubbs's" pace—that master of foxhounds who seldom went faster than nine miles an hour, and never took a fence, yet almost invariably contrived to make his appearance at the end of the run.

We also rode behind "Mr. Stubbs," who, mounted on a horse which it would have been a compliment to call a "screw," used by his knowledge of roads and lanes to be always in at the death. Yet in listening to his account of the run, any one would have imagined that no bullfinch or brook would have been able to stop him in his reckless career. Anybody hearing his conversation would have thought that

he could have given two stone to the Wild Huntsman. We recollect that once he confronted a hurdle and what seemed to be a small ditch. "Is that a ditch?" he called out to a boy standing near. "No, sir." "Then pull down the hurdle and let me go at it." He was not to be denied. He once came to grief in presence of illustrious strangers, who found him leading his horse over a small fence, but his ready invention came to his aid. "I have lost my nerve to-day," said Mr. Stubbs. "I had sausages for breakfast; I never can ride after eating sausages." Mr. Stubbs's horn, like the horn in "Hernani," was a terror to his huntsman when it sounded from a distant lane whilst the huntsman was making a cast, and caused a divided attention. He could not take his master's horn away from him, so he contented himself with saying, "Noisy fellow! noisy fellow." Oh, if Mr. Stubbs had ever heard that! Mr. Stubbs is no more; peace to his *manes*. In spite of his delusions, a better-hearted creature never existed.

Our readers will, perhaps, recollect a charming sketch by John Leech, of a Frenchman riding in front of the hounds, and answering the indignant question of the huntsman, as to whether he expected to catch the fox himself, with the pleasant response, "I do not know, *mon ami*, but I will try; I will try." This idea evidently came from a story, related by Mr. Hayward, of an old captain in the navy, who was once, at his particular request, taken by Lord Rivers to see a coursing-match. The moment a hare was found, he put his horse to full speed, and endeavored to ride her down. "What the deuce have you been about?" exclaimed his friend, as the captain rejoined the party after a fruitless gallop. "Trying to catch the hare, to be sure — what else are we here for? and if all you had done as I did, we should have had her before this time."

It is impossible, writes Mr. Hayward, not to be struck by the place accorded to the clergy of the Established Church in the annals of fox-hunting. In olden times, hunting was an episcopal amusement.\* The grandfather of our present home secretary, the Archbishop of York, before his elevation to the bench, kept a pack of foxhounds. After his elevation, taking a ride in the country where he thought it not unlikely he might see something of the hounds, he met the fox. His

\* Bishop Heber hunted in India.

lordship put his finger under his wig and gave one of his beautiful view halloos. "Hark! halloo!" said some of the field. The huntsman listened, and the halloo was repeated. "That will do," said he, listening to his old master's voice, "that's gospel, by G—d!"

Here is an anecdote of a sporting parson given by Mr. Hayward:—

A Bishop in Dorsetshire drove over one Sunday morning from a neighboring seat to attend divine service at a parish church. Seeing a gentleman in black entering the vestry door, he requested to know at what hour the service commenced: "We throw off at eleven," was the reply. Rather taken aback, his lordship asked, "Pray, sir, are you the officiating clergyman?" "Why, yes, I tip them the word."

We once knew a celebrated fox-hunting parson, much beloved in his parish, who liked attending a prize-fight as well as a meet of hounds. We well recollect his animated description of the great battle between Cribb and Molyneux, the black. How everybody thought that Cribb was losing, as he was terribly punished in the face; whilst Cribb, knowing the imperviousness of a negro's head, delivered all his blows against the dark one's ribs and chests, till at last Molyneux began blowing like a grampus, and the combat was at an end. To our youthful imagination, the exploits of Cribb and Tom Spring were not even excelled by those of Achilles and Hector, and we found *Bell's Life* far more agreeable reading than Homer.

Then see how Mr. Barnes, the great editor of the *Times*, who was so instrumental in carrying the Reform Bill, speaks of boxing.

Crabb Robinson thus writes in his diary:—

December 7th.—Met Thomas Barnes at a party at Collier's and chatted with him till late. He related that, at Cambridge, having had lessons from a boxer, he gave himself airs, and meeting with a fellow sitting on a stile in a field, who did not make way for him as he expected, and as he thought due to a gownsman, he asked him what he meant, and said he had a great mind to thrash him. "The man smiled," said Barnes, "put his hand on my shoulder, and said, 'Young man, I'm Cribb.' I was delighted; gave him my hand; took him to my room, where I had a wine party, and he was the lion." Cribb was at that time the champion of England.

Mr. Hayward tells us that once Sir Robert Peel went to witness a boxing-match at Willis's Rooms, and expressed great admiration for the combatants.

Prize-fighting was the one subject on which Lord Althorp became eloquent. When that best of men so eulogized the contests of athletes, we must not be too hard on the divines who sympathized with those opinions.

Mr. Evelyn Denison, once speaker of the House of Commons, thus relates Lord Althorp's eulogium on the noble science:

The pros and cons of boxing were discussed. Lord Spencer became eloquent. He said his conviction of the advantages of boxing was so strong, that he had been seriously considering whether it was not a duty he owed to the public to go and attend every prize-fight which took place, and so encourage the noble science to the extent of his power. I have said, he became eloquent. It was the one time in my life, in the House of Commons, or out of it, that I heard him speak with eagerness, and almost with passion. He gave us an account of prize-fights which he had attended, how he had seen Mendoza knocked down for the first five or six rounds by Humphreys, and seeming almost beat, till the Jews got their money on; when a hint being given him, he began in earnest and soon turned the tables.

He described the fight between Gully and the Chicken. How he rode down to Brickhill—how he was loitering about the inn door, when a barouche-and-four drove up with Lord Byron and a party, and Jackson the trainer,—how they all dined together, and how pleasant it had been. Then the fight the next day; the men stripping, the intense excitement, the sparring, then the first round, the attitude of the men—it was really worthy of Homer.

Mr. Windham not only approved of prize-fighting, but made a most eloquent speech in defence of bull-baiting. We never had the misfortune to see a prize-fight, but we once were present at a bull-bait, and to this hour we are uncertain as to who enjoyed it the most, the bull, the dogs, or the spectators. Perhaps the bull enjoyed it the most, as he got loose in a terrible encounter with a bull-dog of our acquaintance, and as the fight was in a fen country, the ditches were soon filled with the flying crowd.

Even clergymen who were not in any degree "sporting," conducted themselves in a manner which would be highly disapproved of by the enlightened, ascetic, long-coated gentlemen who now represent the Church of England. In Gunning's "Reminiscences of Cambridge" there is a very curious account of the "way they lived then." Of course "the way they live now" is perfection, yet we doubt whether the parsons of the present have as much influence in their parishes as their predecessors in the past.

The character of Dr. Farmer, master of Emmanuel, is graphically described by Mr. Gunning. He was a true representative of a former generation of clergymen.

Mr. Gunning writes:—

For many years before he was elected to the Mastership he had the Curacy of Swayesey (about nine miles distant), where he made a point of attending in all weathers. He began the service punctually at the appointed time, and gave a plain practical sermon, strongly enforcing some moral duty. After service he chatted most affably with his congregation, and never failed to send some small present to such of his poor parishioners as had been kept from church through illness. After morning service he repaired to the public-house, where a mutton chop and potatoes were soon set before him; these were quickly dispatched, and immediately after the removal of the cloth, Mr. Dobson (his churchwarden) and one or two of the principal farmers made their appearance, to whom he invariably said, "I am going to read prayers, but shall be back by the time you have made the punch." Occasionally another farmer accompanied him from church, when pipes and tobacco were in requisition until six o'clock. *Taffy* was then led to the door, and he conveyed his master to his rooms by half past seven.

Dr. Farmer was the intimate friend of Mr. Pitt, who then represented the university, and who consulted him on all occasions with respect to its affairs. Dr. Farmer was twice offered a bishopric. Fancy what would be the uproar in these virtuous days if a divine who on a Sunday had drunk punch in a pothouse with his churchwarden and parishioners was promoted to the episcopal throne. All the other dons at Cambridge, Mr. Gunning informs us, were constrained and timid in presence of Mr. Pitt, Dr. Farmer alone remained his own simple self; when he was absent all was chill and solemn, directly he joined the party cheerfulness and hilarity prevailed. He was just the same man with Mr. Pitt as with his own fellows. The reason of the difference between Dr. Farmer and his brother dons was, we think, because Dr. Farmer wanted nothing from Mr. Pitt, whilst they expected everything. Dr. Farmer in the pulpit was, we fancy, like Mrs. Poyser's description of Mr. Irving, "a good meal of victual, you were the better for him without thinking of it," and he did not in the least resemble some preachers of the present, who, "like a dose of physic, gripe and worrit you and leave you much the same."

There is an anecdote respecting Dr.

Farmer and his hairdresser, which Mr. Gunning hopes will not offend "ears polite."

One morning when the barber was performing his accustomed office, he said in reply to Farmer's remark, "Well! what news?" "I saw Tom yesterday, and he made such a bad remark about you!" "What was it?" asked the Doctor. "Indeed, sir, I could not tell you; for it was too bad to repeat!" Farmer still urged the point, when the barber (having first obtained a promise that his master would not be angry) replied with *much apparent reluctance*, "Why, sir, he said you wasn't fit to carry guts to a bear!" "And what did you say?" asked Farmer. The barber replied with much energy and seeming satisfaction, "*I said, sir, that you was!*"

Mr. Hayward's shooting experiences do not seem to have been very great. "We have occasionally risked our life in a battue." What he shot remains a mystery. Sydney Smith left off shooting because he discovered that the birds found out that to be opposite the muzzle of his gun was to be in a haven of security, and as he, like Mr. Tupman, invariably closed his eyes when he fired, the result was not altogether satisfactory. Mr. Pitt was also a very bad performer, for though very fond of the sport, he seldom killed anything. Writing to a friend sending him some partridges, he adds, "I need not say they are not of my shooting." Lord Eldon was fond of shooting, but, as his brother, Lord Stowell, said, killed nothing but time. Once a curate from the north walked all the way to Lord Eldon's seat in the Isle of Purbeck, to apply for a living. Lord Eldon was in the turnip fields. The curate pursued him, and the good-natured chancellor granted him his request, but the ungrateful man soon afterwards sent Lord Eldon a large present of game, writing that from what he had seen of his lordship's shooting, he thought it would be a most acceptable present.

Mr. Hayward sanctions the remark of Nimrod, that the parson who shot was not so popular as the one who hunted. This certainly was not the case in the shooting counties. There the parishioners were proud of the exploits of their spiritual guides. When a learned divine had succeeded a well-known shot, a laborer was asked what he thought of his new vicar. The answer was, "O, he is all very well! but he ain't no shuter." There is nothing the agricultural laborer enjoys so much as employment as a beater on a grand day in the preserves. He is the

severest of critics, and woe to the duffer who figures before him. He is apt to get it hot. Mr. Bromley Davenport, in a delightful article on covert shooting, gives a graphic description of a keeper called "the blasphemer" slanging great local notabilities who were missing right and left. We ourselves were present when a distinguished Indian general was in very bad form, till at last a tremendous voice from an indignant beater roared out, "I'll be d—d if that isn't the ninth shot that old bloke has missed." A veteran warrior who had stormed great cities, who used to have great rajahs following in his train, to be call'd an "old bloke" in his native woods! Beaters are very keen, and the cheerful confidence with which they ask you to shoot a rabbit between their legs is quite touching. We were once told by a keeper that one of his beaters had lost his eye in a bramble bush. I pitied the man, and the answer was, "Oh, he's a hard man, he doesn't care about his eye." The Duke of Gloucester, a very wild shot, deprived his equerry of half his sight, and then complained that the wretched unfortunate made "such a fuss about his eye." An old gentleman in the eastern counties once shot and killed a boy and an underkeeper in the same year. On asking one of his beaters whether his master felt the matter very much, "Well, sir," he answered, "he didn't care much about the boy, he gie his mother five pounds, but he were very waxed about the man. He did not go out shuting for a whole week." This was evidently thought to be the climax of agonizing woe.

Mr. Hayward, in his celebrated article on "Whist," was writing about his own favorite pursuit. It was his common custom of an afternoon to play at the Atheneum, where his voice, we are told, used to be occasionally heard repriming his miserable partner for his unutterable delinquencies. We quite appreciate Mr. Hayward's enthusiasm for this delightful game, and agree with Colonel Aubrey's remark, that the greatest pleasure in life is winning at whist, and the next greatest pleasure, losing at it.

Mr. Hayward writes: —

The want of a proper grounding and training, far from being confined to the idle and superficial, is frequently detected or avowed in the higher orders of intellect, in the most accomplished and cultivated minds. "Lady Donegal and I," writes Miss Berry, "played whist with Lord Ellenborough and Lord Erskine; I doubt which of the four played worst."

Lord Thurlow declared late in life that he would give half his fortune to play well. Why did he not set about it? Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Wensleydale were on a par with Lord Ellenborough and Lord Erskine, yet they were both very fond of the game, and both would eagerly have confirmed the justice of Talleyrand's well-known remark to the youngster who rather boastingly declared his ignorance of it: "*Quelle triste vieillesse vous vous préparez!*" It is an invaluable resource to men of studious habits, whose eyes and mental faculties equally require relief in the evening of life or after the grave labors of the day; and the interest rises with the growing consciousness of skill.

The best whist-players of the last generation were Lord Granville, General Anson, Lord Henry Bentinck, and Henry Lord de Ros. Mr. Hayward states that great whist-players are like rival beauties. Rarely will one admit the distinguished merit of another. Lord Henry Bentinck, when asked about the players at the Portland (Mr. Clay was one of them), answered, "They none of them know anything about it except young Jones (Cavendish)," who, he admitted, had some ideas on the subject.

Mr. Hayward gives a curious instance of the late Lord Granville's devotion to whist: —

Intending to set out in the course of the afternoon for Paris he ordered his carriage and four posters to be at Graham's at four. They were kept waiting till ten, when he said he should not be ready for another hour or two, and that the horses had better be changed. When the party rose they were up to the ankles in cards, and the ambassador (it was reported) was a loser to the tune of eight or ten thousand pounds.

We have defended to the best of our ability the hunting parsons of a former generation, but we have nothing to say in defence of such an outrage, as some clergymen were guilty of, according to Mr. Hayward, whose uncle, Mr. Abraham, seems to have been one of the party.

Mr. Hayward writes: —

The clergy in the west of England were formerly devoted to whist. About the beginning of the century there was a whist club in a country town of Somersetshire composed mostly of clergymen that met every Sunday evening in the back parlor of a barber's. Four of these were acting as pall-bearers at a funeral of a reverend brother, when a delay occurred from the grave not being ready, and the coffin was put down in the chancel. By way of whiling away their time one of them produced a pack of cards from his pocket and proposed a rubber.

When the sexton came to announce the preparations were complete, he found these clerical worthies deep in their game, using the coffin as their table. We hope the sexton surprised them as much as another sexton did a curate at his first funeral, when he walked up to him with the appalling announcement, "Please, sir, the corpse's father wishes to speak to you."

Here is another grim story about whist related by Mr. Raikes in his diary respecting the father of the late lamented Mr. George Payne.

Mr. Raikes writes:—

One evening I went into Watiers' Club, where I found Mr. George Payne waiting to make a rubber at whist; others soon arrived, and the play began. Nothing remarkable passed except that Mr. Payne was anxious to continue the game; and though we played till four or five o'clock, seemed disappointed at the party breaking up. I went home to bed, and soon after ten o'clock my servant Chapman came into my room to tell me that Mr. Payne had been that morning shot in a duel on Putney Heath. Thus he had been purposely playing all the night in order to pass the time till he was summoned into eternity, and certainly no one could have told by his manner that he had such an awful prospect in view.

Whist was formerly a well-known clerical amusement. Good Bishop Bathurst of Norwich always had his nightly rubber. So in the last years of his life did Keble, the author of "The Christian Year." Of course Mr. Trollope's Archdeacon Grantley was a proficient in the game. Mr. Hayward gives an amusing account of the sufferings of the Bishop of Exeter when coupled with a partner ignorant of the sublime laws of whist. The only excuse a partner can have for not returning a trump is either that he has not got one, or apoplexy. Charles Lever truly states that the last trump in a partner's hand is a source of great danger, as he is apt to stop one's long suit, particularly if he follows Theodore Hook's directions to whist-players, which he learnt from the address of a leader of a brass band to his followers, "Whenever in doubt, trump it."

My Hayward writes:—

We have seen short whist played by a number of the episcopal body, and a very eminent one, the venerable Bishop of Exeter (Phillipps); our adversary being the late Dean of St. Paul's (Milman); the other an American diplomatist (Mason), and his partner, a distinguished foreigner (Strzelecki), whose whist was hardly on a par with his scientific acquirements and social popularity. The two Church

dignitaries played a steady, sound, orthodox game. The Bishop bore a run of ill luck like a Christian and a bishop, but when (after the diplomatist had puzzled him by a false card) the Count lost the game by not returning his trump, the excellent prelate looked as if about to bring the rubber to a conclusion as he once brought a controversy with an Archbishop, namely, by the bestowal of his blessing; which the Archbishop, apparently apprehensive of its acting by the rule of contraries, earnestly entreated him to take back.

The bishop was sometimes apt not only to bless but to pray for his adversaries, and the boldest of his enemies trembled when he went metaphorically on his knees with "Let us pray for our erring brother." The bishop was rather formidable. Once, after dinner, he kept glancing at Mrs. Phillipps as a signal for retiring, but the moment she saw and began to move, the bishop gallantly rushed to the door and opened it, with a tender remonstrance, "What, so soon, love?"

The Athenæum is thought, by some of its irreverent members, to be rather too full of the episcopal element. Some philosopher had a theory that night is occasioned, not by the absence of light, but by the presence of certain black stars. So the ecclesiastical element imparts a rather sombre atmosphere to the club. When the United Service Club is under repair, its members sometimes seek refuge in the Athenæum, and then, we are told, the club is filled with hirsute warriors cursing short service, and speaking most irreverently of the "grand old man." When the Athenæum visits the United Service, it imparts an ecclesiastical character to the club. Once, the first night that the Athenæum members arrived there, an aged warrior descended the stairs at midnight and went to the stand for his umbrella. It had vanished, and a thunderstorm was going on. "Gone," roared out the ferocious veteran, "of course it is gone; this comes of letting in those d—d bishops."

We have not space to notice Mr. Hayward's article on the "Art of Dining." He is great on the French *cuisine*, but we do not think anything can beat Lord Seton's idea of a dinner, namely, "Turtle soup, a chicken turbot, a haunch of venison, and an apricot tart."

Mr. Hayward wrote much about wine, but he was too great an admirer of claret. He speaks most irreverently of that grandest of drinks, champagne, which he styles *grog mousseux*. When Mr. Coke gave some claret at his audit dinner, he asked one of his farmers how he liked it. The

answer was, "It is all very well, squire, but I get no forrader." We are told that one of the last dinner parties which Mr. Hayward attended went off rather flatly owing to the absence of a beaker of "dry," but not too dry. Champagne improves and even enlarges the memory. We are afraid that our venerated leader, Sir Stafford Northcote, is a claret-drinker, for in spite of all opportunities he never seems to get any "forrader."

Mr. Hayward never attempts fine writing, but there is the most solid information to be derived from some of his articles. His essays are filled with good stories, and the perusers of them will be delighted to read how Sydney Smith said if Lady Davy, who was very brown, had tumbled into a pond, she would have changed it into toast and water; how the shrewd Duke of Queensberry said, "*I tremble for every event where women are concerned, they are all so excessively wrong-headed.*" How when Mrs. Beecher-Stowe, after her unfounded attack on Lord Byron, returned the money she received for her book to her publishers, an American editor observed that as she had begun an imitation of Judas Iscariot, he hoped she would complete the parallel. How Sydney Smith's favorite story, which haunted him for weeks, was the account of the tame magpie flying into a church, alighting on the desk, seizing a chord, and the sermon; the parson resisting, a terrific combat ensued, all the congregation being in favor of the magpie. A judge once told a law student if he wished for success in his profession he must read Coke on Littleton once — twice — thrice in a year. There are many young aspirants to magazine writing, and we really think if they wish for improvement they cannot do better than read over again and again the pleasant essays of Abraham Hayward.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
MITCHELHURST PLACE.

"Que voulez-vous? Hélas! notre mère Nature,  
Comme toute autre mère, a ses enfants gâtés,  
Et pour les malvenus elle est avare et dure!"

#### CHAPTER I.

##### TREASURES DROPPED AND PICKED UP.

Dans l'air pâle, émanant ses tranquilles lumières,  
Rayonnait l'astre d'or de l'arrière-saison.

THERE was nothing remarkable in the scene. It was just a bit of country lane,

cut deeply into the side of a hill, and seamed with little pebbly courses, made by the streams of rain which had poured across it on their downward way. The hillside faced the west, and, standing on this ledge as on a balcony, one might look down into a valley where cattle were feeding in the pastures, and where a full and softly flowing river turned the wheel of a distant mill, and slipped quietly under the arched bridge of the lower road. Sometimes in summer the water lay gleaming, like a curved blade, in the midst of the warm, green meadows, but on this late October day it was misty and wan, and light vapors veiled the pale globe of the declining sun. Looking upward from the valley, a broad slope of ploughed land rose above the road, and the prospect ended in a hedge, a gate, through whose bars one saw the sky, and a thin line of dusky, red-trunked firs. But from the road itself there was nothing to be seen in this direction except a steep bank. This bank was crowned with hawthorn bushes, and here and there a stubborn, stunted oak, which held its dry, brown leaves persistently, as some oaks do. With every passing breath of wind there was a crisp rustling overhead.

This bit of road lay deserted in the faint yellow gleams. But for a wisp of straw, caught on an overhanging twig, and some cart-tracks, which marked the passage of a load, one might have fancied that the pale sun had risen, and now was about to set, without having seen a single wayfarer upon it. But there were four coming towards it, and, slowly as two of them might travel, they would yet reach it while the sunlight lasted. The little stage was to have its actors that afternoon.

First there appeared a man's figure on the crest of the hill. He swung himself over the gate, and came with eager strides down the field, till he reached the hedge which divided it from the road. There he stopped, consulted his watch, and sheltering himself behind one of the little oaks, he rested one knee on a mossy stump, and thus, half standing, half kneeling, he waited. The attitude was picturesque, and so was the man. He had bright, grey-blue eyes, hair and moustache brown, with a touch of reddish gold, a quick, animated face, and a smiling mouth. It was easy to see that he was sanguine and fearless, and on admirable terms with himself and the world in general. He was young, and he was pleasant to look at, and, though he could hardly have dressed with a view to occupying that

precise position, his brown velvet coat was undeniably in the happiest harmony with the tree against which he leaned, and the withered foliage above his head.

To wait there, with his eyes fixed on that unfrequented way, hardly seemed a promising pastime. But the young fellow was either lucky or wise. He had not been there more than five minutes by his watch, when a girl turned the corner, and came, with down-bent head, slowly sauntering along the road below him. His clasping hand on the rough oak bark shifted slightly, to allow him to lean a little further and gain a wider range, though he was careful to keep in the shelter of his tree and the hawthorn hedge. A few steps brought the girl exactly opposite his hiding-place. There she paused.

She sauntered because her hands and eyes were occupied, and she took no heed of the way she went. She paused because her occupation became so engrossing that she forgot to take another step. She wore long, loose gloves, to guard her hands and wrists, and as she came she had pulled autumn leaves of briony and bramble, and brier sprays, with their bunches of glowing hips. These she was gathering together and arranging, partly that they might be easier to carry, and partly to justify her pleasure in their beauty by setting it off to the best advantage. As she completed her task, a tuft of yellow leaves on the bank beside her caught her eye. She stretched her hand to gather it, and the man above looked straight down into her unconscious, upturned face.

She was not more than eighteen or nineteen, and by a touch of innocent shyness in her glances and movements she might have been judged to be still younger. She was slight and dark, with a soft, loose cloud of dusky hair, and a face, not flower-like in its charm, but with a healthful beauty more akin to her own autumn berries — ripe, clear-skinned, and sweet. As she looked up, with red lips parted, it was hardly wonderful that the lips of the man in ambush, breathlessly silent though he was, made answer with a smile. She plucked the yellow leaves and turned away, and he suffered his breath to escape softly in a sigh. Yet he was smiling still at the pretty picture of that innocent face held up to him.

It was all over in a minute. She had come and gone, and he stood up, still cautiously, lest she should return, and looked at the broad brown slope down which he had come so eagerly. Every step of that

lightly trodden way must be retraced, and time was short. But even as he faced it he turned for one last glance at the spot where she had stood. And there, like colored jewels on the dull earth, lay a bunch of hips, orange and glowing scarlet, which she had unawares let fall. In a moment he was down on the road, had caught up his prize, and almost as quickly had pulled himself up again, and was standing behind the sheltering tree while he fastened it in his coat. And when he had secured it, it seemed, after all, as if he had needed just that touch of soft, bright color, and would not have been completely himself without it.

"Barbara's gift," he said to himself, looking down at it. "I'll tell her of it one of these days, when the poor things are dead and dry! No, that they never shall be!" He quickened his pace. "They shall live, at any rate, for me. It would not be amiss for a sonnet. 'Love's Gleaning' — yes, or 'Love's Alms,'" and before the young fellow's eyes rose the dainty vision of a creamy, faintly ribbed page, with strong yet delicately cut Roman type and slim italics. Though not a line of it was written, he could vaguely see that sonnet in which his rosy spoil should be enshrined. He could even see Barbara reading it, on some future day, while he added the commentary, which was not for the world in general, but for Barbara. It became clearer to him as he hurried on, striking across the fields to reach his destination more directly. Snatches of musical words floated on the evening air, and he quickened his pace unconsciously as if in actual pursuit. To the east the sky grew cold and blue, and the moon, pearl white, but as yet not luminous, swam above him as he walked.

So the poet went in quest of rhymes, and Barbara, strolling onward, looked for leaves and berries. She had not gone far when she spied some more, better, of course, than any she had already gathered. This time they were on the lower bank which sloped steeply downward to a muddy ditch. Barbara looked at them longingly, decided that they were attainable, and put her nosegay down on the damp grass that she might have both hands free for her enterprise.

She was certain she could get them. She leaned forward, her finger-tips almost brushed them, when a man's footsteps, close beside her, startled her into consciousness of an undignified position, and she sprang back to firmer ground. But a thin chain she wore had caught on a

thorny spray. It snapped, and a little gold cross dropped from it, and lay, rather more than half-way down, among the briers and withered leaves. She snatched at the dangling chain, and stood flushed and disconcerted, trying to appear absorbed in the landscape, and unconscious of the passer-by who had done the mischief. If only he *would* pass by as quickly as possible, and leave her to regain her treasure and gather her berries!

But the steps hesitated, halted, and there was a pause — an immense pause — during which Barbara kept her eyes fixed on a particular spot in the meadow below. It appeared to her that the eyes of the unknown man were fixed on the back of her head, and the sensation was intolerable. After a moment, however, he spoke, and broke the spell. It was a gentleman's voice, she perceived, but a little forced and hard, as if the words cost him something of an effort.

"I — I beg your pardon, but can I be of any service? I think you dropped something — ah! a little cross." He came to her side. "Will you allow me to get it for you?"

Barbara went through the form of glancing at him, but she did not meet his eyes. "Thank you," she said, "but I needn't trouble you, really." And she returned to her pensive contemplation of that spot where the meadow grass grew somewhat more rankly tufted.

He paused again before speaking. It seemed to Barbara that this young man did nothing but pause. "I don't think you can get it," he said, looking at the brambles. "I really don't think you can."

If Barbara had frankly uttered her instant sentiments she would have said, "Great idiot — no — not if you don't go away!" But, as it was, she colored yet more in her shyness, and stooped to pick up her nosegay from the ground. He had been within an inch of treading on it.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed, starting back. "How clumsy of me!"

Something in his tone disarmed her. She feared that she had been ungracious, and moreover she was a little doubtful whether she would not find it difficult to regain her trinket without his help. "You haven't done any harm," she said. Then, glancing downward, "Well, if you will be so kind."

The new-comer surveyed the situation so intently that Barbara took the opportunity of surveying him.

She was familiar, in novels, with heroes and heroines who were not precisely beautiful, yet possessed a nameless and all-conquering charm. Perhaps for that very reason she was slow to recognize good looks where this charm was absent. The tall young fellow who stood a few steps away, gazing with knitted brows at the little wilderness of briers, was really very handsome, but he was not certain of the fact. Beauty should not be self-conscious, but it should not despondently question its own existence. This man seemed to be accustomed to a chilly, ungenial atmosphere, to be numbed and repressed, to lack fire. Barbara fancied that if he touched her his hand would be cold.

In point of actual features he was decidedly the superior of the young fellow who was climbing the hillside, but the pleasant color and grace were altogether wanting. Yet he was not exactly awkward. Neither was he ill-dressed, though his clothes did not seem to express his individuality, except perhaps by the fact that they were black and grey. Any attempt at description falls naturally into cold negatives, and the scarlet autumn berries which were just a jewel-like brightness in the first picture would have been a strange and vivid contrast in the second.

His momentary hesitation on the brink of his venture was not in reality indecision, but the watchful distrust produced by a conviction that circumstances were hostile. He wished to take them all into account. Having briefly considered the position of the cross, and the steepness of the bank, he stepped boldly down. In less than half a second the treacherous earth had betrayed him; his foot slipped, he fell on his back, and slid down the short incline to the muddy ditch at the bottom, losing his hat by the way.

Barbara, above him, uttered a silvery little "Oh!" of dismay and surprise. She was not accustomed to a man who failed in what he undertook.

The victim of the little accident was grimly silent. With a scrambling effort he recovered his footing and lost it again. A second attempt was more successful; he secured the cross, clambered up, and restored it to its owner, turning away from her thanks to pick up his hat, which luckily lay within easy reach. Barbara did not know which way to look. She was painfully, burningly conscious of his evil plight. His boots were coated with mire, his face was darkly flushed and seamed with a couple of brier scratches, a bit of dead leaf was sticking in his hair, and

"Oh," thought Barbara, "he cannot possibly know how muddy his back is!"

She stood, turning the little cross in her fingers. "Thank you very much," she said nervously. "I should never have got it for myself."

"Are you quite sure?" he asked, with bitter distinctness. "I think you would have managed it much better."

"I'm sure I would rather not try." She dared not raise her eyes to his face, but she saw that he wore no glove, and that the thorns had torn his hand. He was winding his handkerchief round it, and the blood started through the white folds. "Oh, you have hurt yourself!" she exclaimed. He answered only with an impatient gesture of negation.

"How am I to thank you?" she asked despairingly.

"Don't you think the less said the better, at any rate for me?" he replied, picking a piece of bramble from his sleeve, and glancing aside, as if to permit her to go her way with no more words.

But Barbara held her ground. "I should have been sorry to lose that cross. I—I prize it very much."

"Then I am sorry to have given you an absurd association with it."

"Please don't talk like that. I shall remember your kindness," said the girl hurriedly. She felt as if she must add something more. "I always fancy my cross is a kind of — what do you call those things that bring good luck?"

"Amulet? Talisman?"

"Yes, a talisman," she repeated, with a little nod. "It belonged to my godmother. I was named after her. She died before I was a year old, but I have heard my mother say she was the most beautiful woman she ever saw. Oh, I should hate to lose it!"

"Would your luck go with it?" He smiled as he asked the question, and the smile was like a momentary illumination, revealing the habitual melancholy of his mouth.

"Perhaps," said Barbara.

"Well, you would not have lost it this afternoon, as it was quite conspicuously visible," he rejoined.

By this time he had brushed his hat, and, passing his hand over his short waves of dark hair, had found and removed the bit of leaf which had distressed Barbara. She advanced a step, perhaps emboldened a little by that passing smile. "Oh, I beg your pardon," she said, "but when you slipped you got some earth on your coat." (She fancied that "earth"

sounded a little more dignified than "mud" or "dirt," and that he might not mind it quite so much.) "Please let me brush it off for you." She looked up at him with a pleading glance and produced a filmy little feminine handkerchief.

He eyed her, drawing back. "No!" he ejaculated; and then, more mildly, "No, thank you. I can manage. No, thank you."

"I wish —" Barbara began, but she said no more, for the expression of his face changed so suddenly that she looked over her shoulder to discover the cause.

A gentleman stood a few steps away, gazing at them in unconcealed surprise. A small, neat, black-clothed gentleman, with bright grey eyes and white hair and whiskers, who wore a very tall hat and carried a smart little cane.

"Uncle!" the girl exclaimed, and her uplifted hand dropped loosely by her side.

## CHAPTER II.

### AN UNEXPECTED INVITATION.

THE old gentleman's face would have been a mere note of interrogation, but for a hint of chilly displeasure in its questioning. The young people answered with blushes. The word was the same for both, but the fact was curiously different. The color that sprang to Barbara's cheek was light and swift as flame, while the man at her side reddened slowly, as if with the rising of a dark and sullen tide, till the lines across his face were angrily swollen. The bandage, loosely wound round his hand, showed the wet stains, and the new-comer's bright gaze, travelling downwards, rested on it for a moment, and then passed on to the muddy boots and trousers.

"Uncle," said Barbara, "I dropped my gold cross, and this gentleman was so kind as to get it back for me."

"It was nothing — I was very glad to be of any service, but it isn't worth mentioning," the stranger protested, again with a rough edge of effort in his tone.

"On the contrary," said the old gentleman, "I fear my niece has given you a great deal of trouble. I am sure we are both of us exceedingly obliged to you for your kindness." He emphasized his thanks with a neat little bow. To the young man's angry fancy it seemed that his glance swept the landscape, as if he sought some perilous precipice, which might account for the display of mud and wounds.

"Yes," said Barbara quickly, "the bank is so slippery, and there are such horrid brambles — look, uncle! I came to meet you, and I was gathering some leaves, and my chain caught and snapped."

"Ah! that bank! Yes, a very disagreeable place," he assented, looking up at the stranger. "I am really very sorry that you should have received such —" he hesitated for a word, and then finished, "such injuries."

"The bank is nothing. I was clumsy," was the reply.

"I think, Barbara, we must be going home," her uncle suggested. The young man stood aside to let them pass, with a certain awkwardness and irresolution, for their road was the same as his own.

"I beg your pardon," he said abruptly, "but perhaps, if you are going that way, you can tell me how far it is to Mitchelhurst."

They both looked surprised. "About a mile and a half. Were you going to Mitchelhurst?"

"Yes, but if you know it —"

"We live there," said Barbara.

"Perhaps you could tell me what I want to know. I would just as soon not go on this afternoon. Is there a decent inn, or, better still, could one be tolerably sure of getting lodgings in the place, without securing them beforehand?"

"You want lodgings there?"

"Only for a few days. I came by train a couple of hours ago" — he named a neighboring town — "and they told me at the hotel that it was uncertain whether I should find accommodation at Mitchelhurst; so I left my luggage there, and walked over to make inquiries."

"I do not think that I can recommend the inn," said the other doubtfully. "I fear you would find it beery, and smoky, and noisy — the village ale-house, you understand. Sanded floors, and rustics with long clay pipes — that's the kind of thing at the Rothwell Arms."

"Ah! the Rothwell Arms!"

"And as for lodgings," the old man continued, with something alert and watchful in his manner, "the fact is people don't care to lodge in Mitchelhurst. They live there, a few of them — myself, for instance — but there is nothing in the place to attract ordinary visitors."

He paused, but the only comment was, —

"Indeed?"

"Nothing whatever," he affirmed. "A little, out-of-the-way, uninteresting village — but you are anxious to stay here?"

The stranger was rearranging the loosened handkerchief with slender, unskillful fingers.

"For a few days — yes," he repeated, half absently, as he tried to tuck away a hanging end.

"Uncle," said Barbara, with timid eagerness, "doesn't Mrs. Simmonds let lodgings? When that man came surveying, or something, last summer, didn't he have rooms in her house? I'm very nearly sure he did."

Her uncle intercepted, as it were, the stranger's glance of inquiry.

"Perhaps. But I don't think Mrs. Simmonds will do on this occasion."

"Why not?" the other demanded. "I don't suppose I'm more particular than the man who came surveying. If the place is decently clean, why not?"

"Because your name is Harding. I don't know what his might happen to be."

The young man drew himself up, almost as if he repelled an accusation. Then he seemed to recollect himself.

"Yes," he said, "it is. How did you know that?"

The little Mitchelhurst gentleman found such pleasure in his own acuteness that it gave a momentary air of cordiality to his manner.

"My dear sir," he replied, looking critically at Harding's scratched face, "I knew the Rothwells well. I recognize the Rothwell features."

"You must be a keen observer," said the other curtly.

"Voice too," the little man continued. "Especially when you repeated the name of the inn — the Rothwell Arms."

Harding laughed.

"Upon my word! The Rothwells have left me more of the family property than I was aware of."

"Then there was your destination. Who but a Rothwell would ever want to stay at Mitchelhurst?"

"I see. I appear to have betrayed myself in a variety of ways." The discovery of his name seemed to have given him a little more ease of manner of a defiant and half-mocking kind. "What, is there something more?" he inquired, as his new acquaintance recommended, "And then —"

"Yes, enough to make me very sure. You wear a ring on your little finger which your mother gave you. She used to wear it thirty years ago."

"True!" said Harding, in a tone of surprise. "You knew my mother then?"

"As I say — thirty years ago. She is

still living, is she not? And in good health, I trust?"

"Yes." The young man looked at his ring. "You have a good memory," he said, with an inflection which seemed to convey that he would have ended the sentence with a name, had he known one.

The little gentleman took the hint.

"My name is Herbert Hayes." He spoke with careful precision, it was impossible to mistake the words, yet there was something tentative and questioning in their utterance. The young man's face betrayed a puzzled half recognition.

"I've heard my mother speak of you," he said.

"But you don't remember what she said?"

"Not much, I'm afraid. It is very stupid of me. But that I have heard her speak of you I'm certain. I know your name well."

"There was nothing much to say. We were very good friends thirty years ago. Mrs. Harding might naturally mention my name if she were speaking of Mitchelhurst. Does she often talk of old days?"

"Not often. I shall tell her I met you."

Barbara stood by, wondering and interested, glancing to and fro as they spoke. At this moment she caught her uncle's eye.

"By the way," he said, "I have not introduced you to my niece — my great niece, to be strictly accurate — Miss Barbara Strange."

Harding bowed ceremoniously, and yet with a touch of self-contemptuous amusement. He bowed, but he remembered that she had seen him slide down a muddy bank on his back by way of an earlier introduction.

"Mr. Rothwell Harding, I suppose I should say?" the old man inquired.

"No. I'm not named Rothwell. I'm Reynold Harding."

"Reynold?"

"Yes. It's an old name in my father's family. That is," he concluded, in the dead level of an expressionless tone, "as old a name as there is in my father's family, I believe."

"I suppose his grandfather was named Reynold," said Mr. Hayes to himself. Aloud he replied, "Indeed. How about Adam?"

Harding constrained himself to smile, but he did it with such an ill grace that Mr. Hayes perceived that he was a stupid prig, who could not take a joke, and gave himself airs.

"About these lodgings?" the young man persisted, returning to the point. "If Miss Strange knows of some, why won't they do for me?"

Mr. Hayes gulped down his displeasure.

"There is only one roof that can shelter you in Mitchelhurst," he said magnificently, "and that is the roof of Mitchelhurst Place."

"Of Mitchelhurst Place?" Reynold was taken by surprise. He made a little step backward, and Barbara, needlessly alarmed, cried, "Mind the ditch!" Her impulsive little scream nearly startled him into it, but he recovered himself on the brink, and they both colored again, he angrily, she in vexation at having reminded him of his mishap. "How can I go to Mitchelhurst Place?" he demanded in his harshly hurried voice.

"As my guest," said Mr. Hayes. "I am Mr. Croft's tenant. I live there — with my niece."

The young man's eyes went from one to the other. Barbara's face was hardly less amazed than his own.

"Oh thank you!" he said at last. "It's exceedingly good of you, but I couldn't think of troubling you — I really couldn't. The lodgings Miss Strange mentioned will do very well for me, I am sure, or I could manage for a day or two at the inn."

"Indeed" — Mr. Hayes began.

"But I am not particular," said Harding with his most defiant air and in his bitterest tone, "I assure you I am not. I have never been able to afford it. I shall be all right. Pray do not give the matter another thought. I'm very much obliged to you for your kindness, but it's quite out of the question, really."

"No," said Mr. Hayes, resting his little black kid hands on the top of his stick and looking up at the tall young man, "it is out of the question that you should go anywhere else. Pray do not suggest it. You intended to go back to your hotel this evening and to come on to Mitchelhurst to-morrow? Then let us have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow as early as you like to come."

"Indeed — indeed," protested Harding, "I could not think of intruding."

The little gentleman laughed.

"My dear sir, who is the intruder at Mitchelhurst Place? Answer me that! No," he said, growing suddenly serious, "you cannot go to the pothouse — you — your mother's son — while I live in the Rothwells' old home. It is impossible —

I cannot suffer it. I should be forever ashamed and humiliated if you refused a few days' shelter under the old roof. I should indeed."

"If you put it so — — "

"There is no other way to put it."

"I can say no more. I can only thank you for your kindness. I will come," said Reynold Harding slowly. Urgent as the invitation was, and simply as it was accepted, there was yet a curious want of friendliness about it. Circumstances constrained these two men, not any touch of mutual liking. One would have said that Mr. Hayes was bound to insist and Harding to yield.

"That is settled then," said the elder man, "and we shall see you to-morrow. I am a good deal engaged myself, but Barbara is quite at home in Mitchelhurst, and can show you all the Rothwell memorials — the Rothwells are the romance of Mitchelhurst, you know. She'll be delighted to do the honors, eh, Barbara?"

The girl murmured a shy answer.

"Oh, if I trespass on your kindness I think that's enough; I needn't victimize Miss Strange," said the young man, and he laughed a little, not altogether pleasantly. "And I can't claim any of the romance. My name isn't Rothwell."

"The name isn't everything," said Mr. Hayes. "Come, Barbara, it's getting late, and I want my dinner. Till to-morrow, then," and he held out his hand to their new acquaintance.

Young Harding bowed stiffly to Barbara. "Till to-morrow afternoon."

The old man and the girl walked away, he with an elderly sprightliness of bearing which seemed to say, "See how active I still am!" she moving by his side with dreamy, unconscious grace. They came to a curve in the road, and she turned her head and looked back before she passed it. Mr. Reynold Harding had taken but a couple of steps from the spot where they had left him. He had apparently arranged his bandage to his satisfaction at last, and was pulling at the knot with his teeth and his other hand, but his face was towards them, and Barbara knew that he saw that backward glance. She quickened her steps in hot confusion, and looked straight before her for at least five minutes.

During that time it was her uncle who was the hero of her thoughts. His dramatic recognition of Harding, and Harding's ring, his absolute refusal to permit the young man to go to any house in Mitchelhurst but the Place, something in

the tone of his voice when he uttered his "thirty years ago," hinted a romance to Barbara. The conjecture might or might not be correct, but at any rate it was natural. Girls who do not understand love are apt to use it to explain all the other things they do not understand. She waited till her cheeks were cool, and her thoughts clear, and then she spoke.

"I didn't know you knew the Rothwells so well, uncle."

"My dear," said her uncle, "how should you?"

"I suppose you might have talked about them."

"I might," said Mr. Hayes. "Now you mention it, I might, certainly. But I haven't any especial fancy for the gossip of the last generation."

"Well, I have," said the girl. And after a moment she went on, "How long is it since they left the Place?"

Her uncle put his head on one side with a quick, birdlike movement, and apparently referred to a cloud in the western sky before he made answer.

"Nineteen years last midsummer."

"And when did you take it?"

"A year later."

The two walked a little way in silence, and then Barbara recommenced.

"This Mr. Harding — he is like the Rothwells, then?"

"Rothwell from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. The old people, who knew the family, will find him out as he walks through the village — see if they don't. The same haughty, sulky, sneering way with him, and just the same voice. Only every Rothwell at the Place, even to the last, had an air of being a *grand seigneur*, which this fellow can't very well have. Upon my word, I begin to think it was the pleasantest thing about them. I don't like a pride which is conscious of being homeless and out at elbows."

Barbara undauntedly pursued her little romance.

"You are talking about the men," she said. "Is Mr. Harding like his mother?"

"Well, she was a handsome woman," Mr. Hayes replied indifferently, "but she had the same unpleasant manner."

The girl was thrown back on an utter blankness of ideas. A woman beloved may have a dozen faults, and be the dearer for them; but she cannot possibly have an unpleasant manner. Barbara could frame no theory to fit the perplexing facts.

As they turned into the one street of Mitchelhurst, Mr. Hayes spoke musingly.

"To-morrow afternoon, Barbara, let that

young man have the blue room — the large room. You know which I mean?"

"Yes, uncle."

"See that everything is nice and in order. And, Barbara —"

"Yes, uncle," said Barbara again, for he paused.

"Mr. Reynold Harding will probably look down on you. I suspect he thinks that you and I are about fit to black his boots. Be civil, of course, but you needn't do it."

"I'm sure I don't want," said the girl quietly; "and at that rate I should hope he would come with them tolerably clean to-morrow."

Mr. Hayes laughed suddenly, showing his teeth.

"By Jove!" he said, "they were dirty enough this afternoon!"

"In my service," said Barbara. "Now I come to think of it, it seems to me that I ought to clean them."

"Nonsense!" her uncle exclaimed, still smiling at the remembrance. "And you saw him roll into the ditch? — Barbara, the poor fellow must hate you like poison!"

She looked down as she walked, drawing her delicate brows a little together.

"I dare say he does," she said softly, as if to herself.

Between ten and eleven that evening Mr. Reynold Harding sat by his fireside, staring at the red coals as they faded drearily into ashes. Being duly washed and brushed, he showed but slight traces of his accident. The scratches on his face were not deep, and his torn hand was mended with little strips of black plaster. Intently as he seemed to think, his thoughts were not definite. Had he been questioned concerning them he could have answered only "Mitchelhurst." Anger, tenderness, curiosity, pride, and bitter self-contempt were mixed in silent strife in the shadows of his soul. The memory of the Rothwells had drawn him on his pilgrimage — a vain, hopeless, barren memory, and yet the best he had. He had intended to wander about the village, to look from a distance at the Rothwells' house, to stand by the Rothwells' graves in the churchyard, and to laugh at his own folly as he did so. And now he was to sleep under their roof, to know the very rooms where they had lived and died, and for this he was to thank these strangers who played at hospitality in the old home. He thought of the morrow with curious alternations of distaste and eagerness.

Mr. Hayes, meanwhile, with the lamp-light shining on his white hair, was studying a paper in the transactions of the county Archaeological Society, "On an Inscription in Mitchelhurst Church." Mr. Hayes had a theory of his own on the subject, and smiled over the vicar's view with the tranquil enjoyment of unalloyed contempt.

And Barbara, in the silence of her room, opposite a dimly lighted mirror, sat brushing her shadowy hair, whose waves seemed to melt into the dusk about the pale reflection of her face. As she gazed at it, she was thinking of some one who was gone, and of some one who was to come. Dwelling among the old memories of Mitchelhurst Place her girlish thoughts had turned to them for lack of other food, till the Rothwells were real to her in a sense in which no other fancies ever could be real. She was so conscious that her connection with the house was accidental and temporary, that she felt as if it still belonged to its old owners, and she was only their guest. They were always near, yet, whimsically enough, in point of time they were nearest when they were most remote. Barbara's phantoms mostly belonged to the last century, and they faded and grew pale as they approached the present day, till the latest owner of the Place was merely a name. The truth was that at the end of their reign the Rothwells, impoverished and lonely, had simply lived in the house as they found it, and were unable to set the stamp of any individual tastes upon their surroundings. They were the Rothwells of the good old times who left their autographs in the books in the library, their patient needle-work on quilts and bell-pulls, their mouldering rose-leaves in great china jars, their pictures still hanging on the walls, and traces of their preferences in the names of rooms and paths. There were inscriptions under the bells that had summoned servants long ago, which told of busy times and a full house. The lettering only differed from anything in the present day by being subtly and unobtrusively old-fashioned. "MR. GERALD" and "MR. THOMAS" had given up ringing bells for many a long day, and if the one suspended above Miss SARAH's name sometimes tinkled through the stillness, it was only because Barbara wanted some hot water. Miss Sarah was one of the most distinct of the girl's phantoms. Rightly or wrongly, Barbara always believed her to be the beautiful Miss Rothwell of whom an old man in the village

told her a tradition, told to him in his boyhood. It seemed that a Rothwell of some uncertain date stood for the county, ("and pretty nigh ruined himself," said her informant, with a grim, yet admiring, enjoyment of the extravagant folly of the contest), and in the very heat of the election Miss Rothwell drove with four horses to the polling-place, to show herself clothed from head to foot in a startling splendor of yellow, her father's color.

"They said she was a rare sight to see," the old man concluded meditatively.

"And did Mr. Rothwell get in?" asked Barbara.

"No, no!" he said, shaking his head. "No Rothwell ever got in for the county, though they tried times. But he pretty nigh ruined himself."

Had she cared to ask her uncle Barbara might very possibly have ascertained the precise date of the election, and identified the darkly beautiful girl who was whirled by her four spirited horses into the roaring, decorated town. But she was not inclined to talk of her fancies to Mr. Hayes. So, assuming the heroine to be Miss Sarah, she remained in utter ignorance concerning her after life. Did she ever wear the white robes of a bride, or the blackness of widow's weeds? Barbara often wondered. But at night, in her room, which was Sarah Rothwell's, she could never picture her otherwise than superbly defiant in the meteor-like glory of that one day.

As she brushed her dusky cloud of hair that evening she called up the splendor of her favorite vision, and then her thoughts fell sadly away from it to Reynold Harding, the man who had kindred blood in his veins, but no inheritance of name or land. Those iron horse-hoofs, long ago, had thundered over the bit of road where Barbara gathered her autumn nosegay, and where young Harding — oh, poor fellow! — slipped in the mire, and scrambled awkwardly to his feet, a pitiful, sullen figure to put beside the beautiful Miss Rothwell.

Was she glad he was coming? She laid down her brush and mused, looking into the depths of her mirror. Yes, she was glad. She did not think she should like him. She felt that he was hostile, scornful, dissatisfied. But Mitchelhurst was quiet — so few people ever came to it, and if they *did* come they went away without a word — and at eighteen quiet is wearisome, and a spicce of antagonism is refreshing. Did he hate her as her uncle

had said? Time would show. She took her little cross from the dressing-table, and looked at it with a new interest. No, she did not like him. "But, after all," said Barbara to herself, "he is a Rothwell, and my fairy godmother introduced us!"

Many miles away a bunch of hips, scarlet and orange, lay by a scribbled paper. They had had adventures since they were pulled from a Mitchelhurst briar that afternoon. They had been lost and found, and travelling by rail had nearly been lost again. A clumsy porter, shouldering a load, had blundered against an absorbed young man, who was just grasping a rhyme; and the red berries fell between them to the dusty platform, and were barely saved from perils of hurrying feet. Still, though a little bruised and spoilt, they glowed ruddily in the candle-light, and the paper beside them said: —

*Speech was forbidden me; I could but stay,  
Ambushed behind a leafless hawthorn screen,  
And look upon her passing. She had been  
To pluck red berries on that autumn day,  
And Love, who from her side will never stray,  
Stole some for pity, seeing me unseen,  
And sighing, let them fall, that I might glean —  
"Poor gift," quoth he, "that Time shall take  
away!"*

*Nay but I mock at Time! It shall not be  
That, fleet of foot, he robs me of my prize;  
Her smile has kindled all the sullen skies,  
Blessed are the dull furrows, and the leafless tree,  
And year by year the autumn, ere it dies,  
Shall bring my rosy treasure back to me!*

### CHAPTER III.

#### "WELCOME TO MITCHELHURST PLACE."

MITCHELHURST was, as Mr. Hayes had said, a dull little village, by no means likely to attract visitors. It was merely a group of houses, for the most part meanly built, set in a haphazard fashion on either side of a wide road. Occasionally a shed would come to the front, or two or three poplars, or a bit of garden fence. But the poplars were apt to be mercilessly lopped, with just a tuft at the extreme tip, which gave each unlucky tree a slight resemblance to a lion's tail, and the gardens, if not full of cabbages, displayed melancholy rows of stumps where cabbages had been. There was very little traffic through Mitchelhurst Street, as this thoroughfare was usually called, yet it showed certain signs of life. Fowls rambled aimlessly about it, with a dejected yet inquiring air which seemed to say that they would long ago have given up hopping if they could have found anything else to do. A wind-

mill, standing on a slight eminence a little way from the road; creaked as its sails revolved. Sounds of hammering came from the blacksmith's forge. Children played on the footpath, a little knot of loungers might generally be seen in front of the Rothwell Arms, and at most of the doorways stood the Mitchelhurst women, talking loudly while their busy fingers were plaiting straws. This miserably paid work was much in vogue in the village, where generation after generation of children learned it, and grew up into stunted, ill-fed girls, fond of coarse gossip, and of their slatternly independence.

At the western end of the village, beyond the alehouse, stood the church, with two or three yews darkening the crowded graveyard. The vicarage was close at hand, a sombre little house, with a flagged path leading to its dusky porch. Mitchelhurst was not happy in its vicars. The parish was too small to attract the heroic enthusiasts who are ready to live and die for the unhealthy and ignorant crowds of our great cities. And the house was too poor, and the neighborhood too uninteresting, for any kindly country gentleman, who chanced to have "the Reverend" written before his name, to come and stable his horses, and set up his liberal housekeeping, and preach his Sunday sermons there. No one chose Mitchelhurst, so "those few sheep in the wilderness" were left to those who had no choice, and the vicars were almost always discontented elderly men. As a rule, they died there, a vicar of Mitchelhurst being seldom remembered by the givers of good livings. The incumbent at this time was a feeble archaeologist, who coughed drearily in his damp little study, and looked vaguely out at the world from a narrow and mildewed past. As he stepped from the shadowy porch, blinking with tired eyes, he would pause on the path, which looked like a row of flat, unwritten tombstones, and glance doubtfully right and left. Probably he had some vague idea of going into the village, but in nine cases out of ten he turned aside to the graveyard, and sauntered musingly in the shadow of the old yews, or disappeared into the church, where there were two or three inscriptions just sufficiently defaced to be interesting. He fancied he should decipher them one day, and leave nothing for his successor to do, and he haunted them in that hope.

When he went into the street he spoke kindly to the women at the doors, with an obvious forgetfulness of names and cir-

cumstances which made him an object of contemptuous pity. They could not conceive how any one in his senses could make such foolish mistakes, and were inclined to look on the Established Church as a convenient provision for weak-minded gentlefolks. They grinned when he had gone by, and repeated his well-meant inquiries, plaiting all the time. It was only natural that the vicar should prefer his parishioners dead. They did not then indulge in coarse laughter, they never described unpleasant ailments, and they were neatly labelled with their names, or else altogether silent concerning them.

The vicar's shortcomings might have been less remarked had the tenants of Mitchelhurst Place taken their proper position in the village. But where, seventy or eighty years before, the great gates swung open for carriages and horses, and busy servants, and tradesmen, there came now down the mossy drive only an old man on foot, and a girl by his side, with eyes like dark waters, and a sweet richness of carnation in her cheeks. Mr. Hayes and his niece lived, as the later Rothwells had lived, in a corner of the old house. It was queer that a man should choose to hire a place so much too big for him, people said, but they had said it for nineteen years, and they never seemed to get any further. Herbert Hayes might be eccentric, but he was shrewd, he knew his own business, and the villagers recognized the fact. He was not popular, there was nothing to be got by begging at the Place, and he would not allow Barbara to visit any of the cottages. But it was acknowledged that he was not stingy in payment for work done. And if he lived in a corner he knew how to make himself comfortable there, which was more than the last Rothwell had been able to do.

The church and vicarage were at one end of Mitchelhurst, and the Place, which stood on slightly rising ground, was at the other. It was a white house, and in a dim light it had a sad and spectral aspect, a pale blankness as of a dead face. The Rothwell who built it intended to have a stately avenue from the great ironwork gates to the principal entrance, and planted his trees accordingly. But the site was cruelly exposed, and the soil was sterile, and his avenue had become a vista of warped and irregular shapes, leaning in grotesque attitudes, dwarfed and yet massive with age. In the leafiness of summer much of this singularity was lost, but when winter stripped the boughs it revealed a double line of fantastic skele-

tons, a fit pathway for the strangest dreams.

The gardens, with the exception of a piece close to the house, had been so long neglected that they seemed almost to have forgotten that they had ever been cultivated. Almost, but not quite, for they had not the innocence of the original wilderness. There were tokens of a contest. The plants and grasses that possessed the soil were obviously weeds, and the degraded survivals of a gentler growth lurked among them overborne and half strangled. There was a suggestion of murderous triumph in the coarse leaves of the mulleins and docks that had rooted themselves as in a conquered inheritance, and the little undulations which marked the borders and bits of rockwork of half a century earlier looked curiously like neglected graves.

It seemed to Barbara Strange, as she stood looking over it all, on the day on which Mr. Harding was to come to Mitchelhurst, that there was something novel in this aspect of desolation. She knew the place well, for it was rather more than a year since she came, at her uncle's invitation, to live there, and she had seen it with all the changes of the seasons upon it. She knew it well, but she had never thought of it as home. The little Devonshire vicarage which held father and mother, and a swarm of young sisters and brothers — almost too many to be contained within its walls — was home in the past and the present. And if the girl had dreams of the future, shy dreams which hardly revealed themselves even to her, they certainly never had Mitchelhurst Place for a background. To her it was just a halting place on her journey into the unknown regions of life. It was like some great out-of-the-way ruinous old inn, in which one might chance to sleep for a night or two. She had merely been interested in it as a stranger, but on this October day she looked at it curiously and critically for Mr. Harding's sake. She would have liked it to welcome him, to show some signs of stately hospitality to this son of the house who was coming home, and for the first time a full sense of its dreariness and hopelessness crept into her soul. She could do nothing, she felt absurdly small, the great house seemed to cast a melancholy shadow over her, as she went to and fro in the bit of ground that was still recognized as a garden, gathering the few blossoms that autumn had spared.

Barbara meant the flowers to brighten

the rooms in which they lived, but she looked a little doubtfully into her basket while she walked towards the house. They were so colorless and frail, it seemed to her that they were just fit to be emptied out over somebody's grave. "Oh," she said to herself, "why didn't he come in the time of roses, or peonies, or tiger-lilies? If it had been in July there might have been some real sunshine to warm the old place. Or earlier still, when the apple-blossom was out — why didn't he come then? It is so sad now." And she remembered what some one had said, a few weeks before, loitering up that wide path by her side: "An old house — yes, I like old houses, but this is like a whitened sepulchre, somehow. And not his own — I should not care to set up house-keeping in a corner of somebody else's sepulchre." Barbara, as her little lonely footsteps fell on the sodden earth, thought that he was perfectly right. She threw back her head, and faced the wide, blind gaze of its many-windowed front. Well, it was Mr. Harding's own family sepulchre, if that was any consolation.

Her duty as a housekeeper took her to the blue room, which Mr. Hayes had chosen for their guest, a large apartment at the side of the house, not with the bleak northern aspect of the principal entrance, but looking away towards the village, and commanding a wide prospect of meadow land. The landscape in itself was not remarkable, but it had an attraction as of swiftly varying moods. Under a midsummer sky it would lie steeped in sunshine, and dappled with shadows of little, lightly flying clouds, content and at peace. Seen through slant lines of grey rain it was beyond measure dreary and forlorn, burdening the gazer's soul with its flat and unrelieved heaviness. One would have said at such times that it was a veritable land of hopelessness. Then the clouds would part, mass themselves, perhaps, into strange islands and continents, and towering piles, and the sun would go down in wild splendors of flame as of a burning world, and the level meadows would become a marvellous plain, across which one might journey into the heart of unspeakable things. Then would follow the pensive sadness of the dusk, and the silvery enchantment of moonlight. And after all these changes there would probably come a grey and commonplace morning, in which it would appear as so many acres of very tolerable grazing land in no wise remarkable or interesting.

Barbara did not trouble herself much about the prospect. She was anxious to make sure that soap and towels had been put ready for Mr. Harding, and candles in the brass candlesticks on the chimney-piece, and ink and pens on the little old-fashioned writing-table. With a dainty instinct of grace she arranged the heavy hangings of the bed, and, seeing that a clumsy maid had left the pillow awry, she straightened and smoothed it with soft touches of a slender brown hand, as if she could sympathetically divine the sullen weariness of the head that should lie there. Then, fixing an absent gaze upon the carpet, she debated a perplexing question in her mind.

Should she, or should she not, put some flowers in Mr. Harding's room? She wanted to make him feel that he was welcome to Mitchelhurst Place, and to her shyness, it seemed easier to express that welcome in any silent way than to put it into words. And why not? She might have done it without thinking twice about it, but her uncle's little jests, and her own loneliness, while they left her fearless in questions of right and wrong, had made her uneasy about etiquette. As she leaned against one of the carved pillars of the great bed, musing, with lips compressed and anxious brow, she almost resolved that Mr. Reynold Harding should have nothing beyond what was a matter of housewifely duty. Why should she risk a blush or a doubt for him? But even with the half-formed resolution came the remembrance of his unlucky humiliation in her service, and Barbara started from her idle attitude, and went away, singing softly to herself.

When she came back she had a little bowl of blue and white china in her hands, which she set on the writing-table near the window. It was filled with the best she could find in her basket—a pale late rosebud, with autumnal foliage red as rust (and the bud itself had lingered so long, hoping for sunshine and warmth, that it would evidently die with its secret of sweetness folded dead in its heart), a few heads of mignonette, green and run to leaf, and rather reminding of fragrance than actually breathing it; a handful of melancholy Michaelmas daisies, and two or three white asters. The girl, with warm young life in her veins, and a glow of ripe color on her cheek, stooped in smiling pity and touched that central rosebud with her lips. No doubt remained, if there had been any doubt till then—it was already withered at the

core, or it must have opened wide to answer that caress.

"Don't tell me!" said Barbara to herself with a little nod. "If such a drearily doleful bouquet isn't strictly proper, it ought to be!"

It was late in the afternoon before the visitor came. There was mist like a thin shroud over the face of the earth, and little sparks of light were gleaming in the cottage windows. Reynold Harding held the reins listlessly when the driver got down to open the great wrought-iron gate, and then resigned his charge as absently as he had accepted it. He stared straight before him while the dog-cart rattled up the avenue, and suffered himself to sway idly as they bumped over mossy stones in the drive. The trees, leaning overhead, dropped a dead leaf or two on his passive hands, as if that were his share of the family property held in trust for him till that moment.

There was something coldly repellent in the stony house front, where was no sign of greeting or even of life. The driver alighted again, pulled a great bell which made a distant clangor, and then busied himself at the back of the cart with Harding's portmanteau, while the horse stood stretching its neck, and breathing audibly in the chilly stillness. There was a brief pause, during which Harding, who had not uttered a word since he started, confronted the old house with a face as neutral as its own.

Then the door flew open, a maid appeared, the luggage was carried into the hall, and Mr. Hayes came hurrying out to meet his guest. "Welcome to Mitchelhurst Place!" he exclaimed. That "Welcome to Mitchelhurst Place!" had been in his thoughts for a couple of hours at least, and now that it was uttered it seemed very quickly over. Harding, who was paying the driver out of a handful of change, dropped a couple of coins, made a hurried attempt to regain them, and finally shook hands confusedly with Mr. Hayes, while the man and the maid pursued the rolling shillings round their feet. "Thank you—you are very kind," he said, and then saw Barbara in the background. She had paused on the threshold of a firelit room, and behind her the warm radiance was glancing on a bit of white-panelled wall. Reynold hastily got rid of his financial difficulties and went forward.

"Oh, what a cold drive you must have had!" she cried, when their hands met. "You are like ice! Do come to the fire."

"We thought you would have been here sooner," said Mr. Hayes. "The days draw in now, and it gets to be very cold and damp sometimes when the sun goes down."

Harding murmured something about not having been able to get away earlier.

"This isn't the regular drawing-room, you know," his host explained. "I like space, but there is a little too much of it in that great room — you must have a look at it to-morrow. I don't care to sit by my fireside and see Barbara at her piano across an acre or two of carpet. To my mind this is big enough for two or three people."

"Quite," said Reynold.

"The yellow drawing-room they called this," the other continued.

The young man glanced round. The room was lofty and large enough for more than the two or three people of whom Mr. Hayes had spoken. But for the ruddy firelight it might have looked cold, with its cream-white walls, its rather scanty furniture, and the yellow of its curtains and chairs faded to a dim tawny hue. But the liberal warmth and light of the blazing pile on the hearth irradiated it to the furthest corner, and filled it with wavering brightness.

"It's all exactly as it was in your uncle's time," said Mr. Hayes. "When he could not go on any longer, Croft took the whole thing just as it stood, with all the old furniture. But for that I would not have come here."

"All the charm would have been lost, wouldn't it?" said Barbara.

"The charm — yes. Besides, one had need be a millionaire to do anything with such a great empty shell. I suspect a millionaire would find plenty to do here as it is."

"I suppose it had been neglected for a long while?" Reynold questioned with his hard utterance.

Mr. Hayes nodded, arching his brows.

"Thirty or forty years. Everything allowed to go to rack and ruin. By Jove, sir, your people must have built well, and furnished well, for things to look as they do. Well, they shall stay as they are while I am here; I'll keep the wind and the rain out of the old house, but I can do no more, and I wouldn't if I could. And when I'm gone, Croft, or whoever is master then, must see to it."

"Yes," said the young man, still looking round. "I'm glad you've left it as it used to be."

"Just as your mother would remember

it. Except, of course, one must make oneself comfortable," Mr. Hayes explained apologetically. "Just a chair for me, and a piano for Barbara, you see!"

Reynold saw. There was a large Eastern rug spread near the fireplace, and on it stood an easy-chair, and a little table laden with books. A shaded lamp cast its radiance on a freshly cut page. By the fire was a low seat, which was evidently Barbara's.

"That's the way to enjoy old furniture," said Mr. Hayes. "Sit on a modern chair and look at it — eh? There's an old piano in that further corner; that's very good to look at too."

"But not to hear?" said Harding.

"You may try it."

"That's more than I may do," said Barbara demurely.

"You tried it too much — you tried me too much," Mr. Hayes made answer. "You did not begin in a fair spirit of investigation. You were determined to find music in it."

The girl laughed and looked down.

"And I did," she murmured to herself.

"Ah, you are looking at the portraits," Mr. Hayes went on. "There are better ones than the two or three we have here. I believe your Uncle John took away a few when he left. Your grandmother used to hang over there by the fireplace. The one on the other side is good, I think — Anthony Rothwell. You must come a little more this way to look at it."

Harding followed obediently, and made various attempts to find the right position, but the picture was not placed so as to receive the full firelight, and being above the lamp it remained in shadow.

"Stay," said the old gentleman, "I'll light this candle."

He struck a match as he spoke, and the sudden illumination revealed a scornful face, and almost seemed to give it a momentary expression, as if Anthony, of Mitchelhurst Place, recognized Reynold of nowhere.

The younger man eyed the portrait coldly and deliberately.

"Well," he said, "Mr. Anthony Rothwell, my grandfather, I suppose?"

"Great grandfather," Mr. Hayes corrected.

"Oh, you are well acquainted with the family history. Well, then, I should say that my great grandfather was remarkably handsome, but —"

"If it comes to that you are uncommonly like him," said his host, with a little chuckle, as he looked from the

painted face to the living one, and back again.

Reynold started and drew back.

"Oh, thank you!" he said, with a short laugh. If he had been permitted to continue his first remark, he would have said, "but as unpleasant-tempered a gentleman as you could find in a day's journey."

The words had been so literally on his lips that he could hardly realize that they had not been uttered when Mr. Hayes spoke.

For the moment the likeness had been complete. Then he saw how it was, laughed, and said, —

"Oh, thank you."

But he flashed an uneasy glance at Barbara, who was lingering near. Was he really like that pale, bitter-lipped portrait? He fancied that her face would tell him, but she was looking fixedly at Anthony Rothwell.

"Mind you are not late for dinner, Barbara," said her uncle quickly.

She woke to radiant animation.

"I won't be," she said. "But if you are going to introduce Mr. Harding to all the pictures first —"

"I'm not going to do anything of the kind."

"That's right. Mr. Harding's ancestors won't spoil if they are kept waiting a little, but I can't answer for the fish."

"Pray don't let any dead and gone Rothwells interfere with your dinner," said Reynold. "If one's ancestors can't wait one's convenience, I don't know who can."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### DINNER AND A LITTLE MUSIC.

BARBARA was the first to reappear in the yellow drawing-room. She had gone away, laughing carelessly; she came back shyly, with flushed cheeks and downcast eyes. She had put on a dress which was reserved for important occasions, and she was conscious of her splendor. She felt the strings of amber beads that were wound loosely round her throat, and that rose and fell with her quickened breathing. Nay, she was conscious to the utmost end of the folds of black drapery, that followed her with a soft sound, as of a summer sea, when she crossed the pavement of the hall. For Barbara's dress was black, and its special adornment was some handsome black lace that her grandmother had given her. Something of lighter hue and texture might have better suited her age, but there was no question-

ing the fact that the dignified richness of her gown was admirably becoming to the girl. One hardly knew whether to call her childish or stately, and the perplexity was delightful.

Her heart was beating fast, half in apprehension and half in defiance. Over and over again while she waited she said to herself that she had *not* put on her best dress for Mr. Harding's sake, she had *not*. She did not care what he thought of her. He might come and go, just as other people might come and go. It did not matter to her. But his coming seemed somehow to have brought all the Rothwells back to life, and to have revealed the desolate pride of the old house. When she looked from Reynold's face to Anthony's, she suddenly felt that she must put on her best dress for their company. It was no matter of personal feeling, it was an instinctive and imperative sense of what the circumstances demanded. She had never been to such a dinner party in all her life.

The feeling did her credit, but it was difficult to express. Feelings are often difficult to express, and a woman has an especial difficulty in conveying the finer shades of meaning. There is an easy, masculine way of accounting for her every action by supposing it aimed at men in general, or some man in particular; and thus all manner of delicate fancies and distinctions, shaped clearly in a woman's mind, may pass through the distorting medium to reach a man's apprehension as sheer coquetry. The knowledge of this possibility is apt to give even innocence an air of hesitating consciousness. Barbara was by no means certain that her uncle would understand this honor paid, not to any living young man, but to the traditions of Mitchelhurst Place, and her blushes betrayed her shame at his probable misreading of her meaning. And what would Mr. Harding himself think?

He came in with his languid, hesitating walk, looking very tall and slender in his evening dress. He had telegraphed home for that dress suit the day before. The fact that he was travelling for a week or two, with no expectation of dining anywhere but in country inns, might naturally have excused its absence, but the explanation would have been an apology, and Harding could not apologize. He would have found it easier to spend his last shilling. Perhaps, too, he had shared Barbara's feeling as to the fitness of a touch of ceremony at Mitchelhurst.

At any rate he shared her shyness. He crossed the room with evident constraint, and halted near the fire without a word. Barbara's shyness was palpitating and afame; his was leaden and chill. She did not know what to make of his silence; she waited, and still he did not speak; she looked up and felt sure that his downcast eyes had been obliquely fixed on her.

"Uncle is last, you see," she said. "I knew he would be."

"I was afraid I might be," he replied. "A clock struck before I expected it. I suppose my watch loses, but I hadn't found it out."

"Oh, I ought to have told you," she exclaimed penitently. "That is the great clock in the hall, and it is always kept ten minutes fast. Uncle likes it for a warning. So when it strikes, he says, 'That's the hall clock; then there's plenty of time, plenty of time, I'll just finish this.' And he goes on quite happily."

"I fancied somehow that Mr. Hayes was a very punctual man."

"Because he talks so much about it. I think he reminds other people for fear they should remind him. When I first came he was always saying, 'Don't be late,' till I was quite frightened lest I should be. I couldn't believe it when he said, 'Don't be late,' and then wasn't ready."

"You are not so particular now?"

"Oh yes, I am," she answered very seriously. "It doesn't do to be late if you are the housekeeper, you know."

A faint gleam lighted Harding's face.

"Of course not; but I never was," he replied, in a respectful tone. "How long is it since you came here?"

"I came with my mother to see uncle a great many years ago, but I only came to live here last October. Uncle wanted somebody. He said it was dull."

"I should think it was. Isn't it dull for you?"

"Sometimes," said Barbara. "It isn't at all like home. That's a little house with a great many people in it—father and mother, and all my brothers and sisters, and father's pupils. And this is a big house with nobody in it."

"Till you came," said Reynold, hesitating over the little bow or glance which should have pointed his words.

"Well, there's uncle," said Barbara with a smile, "he must count for somebody. But I feel exactly like nobody when I am going in and out of all those empty rooms. You must see them to-morrow."

The clock on the chimney-piece struck, and she turned her head to look at it. "That's five minutes slow," she said.

"And the other was more than ten minutes fast."

"Yes, it gains. Do you know," said Barbara, "I always feel as if the great clock were *the time*, so when it fairly runs away into the future and I have to stop it, to let the world come up with it again, it seems to me almost as if I stopped my own life too."

"Some people would be uncommonly glad to do that," said Harding; "or even to make time go backward for a while."

"Well, I don't mind for a quarter of an hour. But I don't want it to go back, really. Not back to pinnafores and the schoolroom," said Barbara with a laugh, which in some curious fashion turned to a deepening flush. The swift, impulsive blood was always coming and going at a thought, a fancy, a mere nothing.

Harding smiled in his grim way. "I suppose it's just as well *not* to want time to run back," he said at last.

"Uncle might find himself punctual for once if it did. Oh, here he comes!" The door opened as she spoke, and Mr. Hayes appeared on the threshold with an inquiring face.

"Ah! you are down, Barbara! That's right. Dinner's ready, they tell me."

Reynold looked at Barbara, hesitated, and then offered his arm. Mr. Hayes stood back and eyed them as they passed—the tall young man, pale, dark-browed, scowling a little, and the girl at his side radiantly conscious of her dignity. Even when they had gone by he was obliged to wait a moment. The sweeping folds of Barbara's dress demanded space and respect. His glance ran up them to her shoulders, to the amber beads about her neck, to the loose coils of her dusky hair, and he followed meekly with a whimsical smile.

They dined in the great dining-room, where a score of guests would have seemed few. But they had a little table, with four candles on it, set near a clear fire, and shut in by an overshadowing screen. "We are driven out of this in the depth of winter," said Mr. Hayes. "It is too cold—nothing seems to warm it, and it is such a terrible journey from the drawing-room fire. But till the bitter weather comes I like it, and I always come back as soon as the spring begins. We were here by March, weren't we, Barbara?"

The girl smiled assent, and Harding had a passing fancy of the windy skies of

March glancing through the tall windows, the upper part of which he saw from his place. But his eyes came back to Barbara, who was watching the progress of their meal with an evident sense of responsibility. The crowning grace of an accomplished housekeeper is to hide all need of management, but this was the pretty anxiety of a beginner. "Mary, the currant jelly," said Miss Strange in an intense undertone, and glanced eloquently at Reynold's plate. She was so absorbed that she started when her uncle spoke.

"Why do you wear those white things — asters, are they not? They don't go well with your dress."

Barbara looked down at the two colorless blossoms which she had fastened among the folds of her black lace. "No, I know they don't, but I couldn't find anything better in the garden to-day."

"It wouldn't have mattered what it was," Mr. Hayes persisted, with his head critically on one side. "Anything red or yellow — just a bit of color, you know."

"But that was exactly what I couldn't find. All the red and yellow things in the garden are dead."

"Why not some of those scarlet hips you were gathering yesterday?" said Reynold.

"Oh! Those!" exclaimed Barbara, looking hurriedly away from the scratch on the cheek nearest her, and then discovering that she had fixed her eyes on his wounded hand. "Do you think they would have done? Well, yes, I dare say they might."

"I should think they would have done beautifully, but you know best. Perhaps you did not care for them? You threw them away?" He was smiling with a touch of malice, as if he had actually seen Barbara in her room, gazing regretfully at a little brown pitcher which was full of autumn-leaves and clusters of red rose-fruit.

"Of course they would have done," said Mr. Hayes.

"Yes, perhaps they might. I must bear them in mind another time. Uncle, Mr. Harding's plate is empty." And Barbara went on with her dinner, feeling angry and aggrieved. "He might have let me think I had spared his feelings by giving them up," she said to herself. "It would have been kinder. And I should like to know what I was to do. If I had worn them he would have looked at me to remind me. I can't think what made uncle talk about the stupid things."

During the rest of the meal conversa-

tion was somewhat fitful. The three, in their sheltered, fire-lit nook, sat through pauses, in which it almost seemed as if it would be only necessary to rise softly and glance round the end of the screen to surprise some ghostly company gathered silently at the long table. The wind made a cheerless noise outside, seeking admission to the great hollow house, and died away in the hopelessness of vain endeavor. At last Miss Strange prepared to leave the gentlemen to their wine, but she lingered for a moment, darkly glowing against the background of sombre brown and tarnished gold, to bid her uncle remember that coffee would be ready in the drawing-room when they liked to come for it.

Mr. Hayes pushed the decanter to his guest. "Where is John Rothwell now?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Harding listlessly. He was peeling a rough-coated pear, and he watched the long, unbroken strip gliding downward in lengthening curves. "Somewhere on the Continent — in one of those places where people go to live shabbily."

Mr. Hayes filled the pause with an inquiring "Yes?" and his bright eyes dilated.

"Yes," the other repeated. "Didn't you say he took some pictures away with him? They must be all gone long ago — pawned or sold. How would you raise money on family portraits? It would look rather queer going to the pawnbroker's with an ancestor under your arm."

"But there was his mother's portrait. He would not —"

"Hm!" said Harding, cutting up his pear. "Well, perhaps not. Perhaps he had to leave in a hurry some time or other. A miniature would have been more convenient."

"But this is very sad," said Mr. Hayes. He spoke in an abstract and impersonal manner.

Harding assented, also in a general way.

"Very sad," the other repeated. Then, quickening to special recollection — "And your uncle was always such a proud man. I never knew a prouder man than John Rothwell five-and-twenty years ago. And to think that he should come to this!"

He leaned back in his chair and slowly sipped his wine, while he tried to reconcile old memories with this new description. The wine was very good, and Mr. Hayes seemed to enjoy it. Reynold Harding

rested his elbow on the table, and looked at the fire with a moody frown.

"Some pride can't be carried about, I suppose," he said at last. "It's as bad as a whole gallery of family portraits — worse, for you cannot raise money on it."

Mr. Hayes nodded. "I see. Rooted in the Mitchelhurst soil, you think? Very possibly." He looked round, as far as the screen permitted. "And so, when this went, all went. But how very sad!"

The young man did not take the trouble to express his agreement a second time.

"And your other uncle," said Mr. Hayes briskly, after a pause. "How is he?"

"My other uncle?"

"Yes, your uncle on your father's side — Mr. Harding."

"Oh, he is very well — getting to be an old man now."

"But as prosperous as ever?"

"More so," said Harding in his rough voice. "His money gathers and grows like a snowball. But he is beginning to think about enjoying it — he is evidently growing old. He says it is time for him to have a holiday. He never took one for some wonderful time — eighteen years I think it was; but he has not worked quite so hard of late."

"Well, he deserves a little pleasure now."

"I don't know about that. If a man makes himself a slave to money-getting I don't see that he deserves any pleasure. He deserves his money."

The old gentleman laughed. "Let the poor fellow amuse himself a little — if he can. The question is whether he can, after a life of hard work. What is his idea of pleasure?"

"Yachting. He discovered quite lately that he wasn't sea-sick; he hadn't leisure to find it out before. So he took to yachting. He can enjoy his dinner as well on board a boat as anywhere else, he can talk about his yacht, and he can spend any amount of money."

"You haven't any sympathy with his hobby?"

"I? I've no money to spend, and I *am* sea-sick."

"You are? I remember now," said Mr. Hayes thoughtfully, "that your grandfather and John Rothwell had a great dislike to the water."

"Ah? It's a family peculiarity? A proud distinction?" Harding laughed quietly, looking away. He was accustomed to laugh at himself and by himself. "It's something to be able to invoke the

Rothwell ancestry to give dignity to one's qualms," he said.

Mr. Hayes smiled a little unwillingly. He did not really require respect for the Rothwell sea-sickness, but it hardly pleased him that the young fellow should scoff at his ancestry, just when it had gained him admission to Mitchelhurst Place. "Bad taste," he said to himself, and he returned abruptly to the money-making uncle. "I suppose Mr. Harding has a son to come after him?"

"Yes, there's one son," Reynold replied, with a contemptuous intonation.

"And does he take to the business?"

"I don't know much about that. I fancy he wants to begin at the yachting end, anyhow."

"Only one son." Mr. Hayes glanced at young Harding as if a question were on his lips; but the other's face did not invite it, and the subject dropped. There was a pause, and then the elder man began to talk of some Roman remains which had been discovered five miles from Mitchelhurst. Reynold crossed his long legs, balanced himself idly, and listened with dreary acquiescence.

It was some time before the Roman remains were disposed of and they rejoined Barbara. They started her out of her uncle's big easy-chair, where she was half-lying, half-sitting, with all her black draperies about her, too much absorbed in a novel to hear their approach. Harding, on the threshold, caught a glimpse of the nestling attitude, the parted lips, the hand that propped her head, before Miss Strange was on her feet and ready for her company.

Mr. Hayes, stirring his coffee, demanded music. He liked it a little for its own sake, but more just then because it would take his companion off his hands. He was tired of entertaining this silent young man, who stood, cup in hand, on the rug, frowning at the portraits of his forefathers, and he sent Barbara to the piano with the certainty that Harding would follow her. As soon as he saw them safely at the other end of the room he dropped with a sigh of relief into the chair which she had quitted, and took up his book.

The girl, meanwhile, turned over her music and questioned Reynold. He did not sing? — did not play? No; and he understood very little, but he liked to listen. He turned the pages for her, once or twice too fast, generally much too slowly, never at the right moment. Then Barbara began to play something which

she knew by heart, and he stood a little aside, with his moody face softening, and his downward-glancing eyes following her fingers over the keys, as if she were weaving the strands of some delicate tissue. When she stopped, rested one hand on the music-stool on which she sat, and turned from the piano to hear what her uncle wished for next, he saw, as she leaned backward, the pure curve of her averted cheek, and the black lace and amber beads about her softly rounded throat.

"Oh, I know that by heart, too!" she exclaimed.

He took up a sheet of music from the piano, and gazed vaguely at it while she struck the first notes. He read the title without heeding it, and then saw pencilled above it in a bold, but somewhat studied, hand,

"ADRIAN SCARLETT."

For a moment the name held his glance; and when he laid the paper down he looked furtively over his shoulder. He knew that it was an absurd fancy, but he felt as if some one had come into the room and was standing behind Barbara.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
MY ARAB.

MY Arab, though in a very prosaic way an object of interest, is by no means a morally grand or physically picturesque personage. A child, not of the everlasting desert, but of the ebbing and flowing gutter, and literally, as well as figuratively, a child. He speaks of himself as "going on ten," and, as a guess, that is probably tolerably near the mark, though his mother professes to be uncertain whether it is ten or eleven years of age that he will be "next hopping." The hopping is her chief chronological landmark. She generally speaks of things as having occurred during or so long before or after the hopping, though occasionally she will fix a date by reference to the year in which "we"—that is to say, her husband, self, and child—"wintered in the house;" the house in this case meaning the workhouse. The boy is popularly known as "Slinger," a cognomen about the origin of which, as about his age, there is a degree of uncertainty. Some say it was bestowed upon him in consequence of his skill with the simple and easily made sling which serves boys of his class instead of the more elaborate

and costly catapult with which better-off boys do their window-breaking and attempt bird-slaughter. Others assert that the sobriquet is a tribute to his skill and dexterity in "slinging his hook," a phrase which, being interpreted, means getting out of the way if he individually, or the body of "small gangers" of which he is a leading spirit, have "been up to games." And certain it is that Slinger displays a marked aptitude for "getting round the corner" or doubling about the network of slums in which his home (?) is situated, if he has been "up" to anything which makes it desirable that he should keep himself dark.

His features are pinched, but tolerably regular; his expression of countenance "old-fashioned" and cunning; his complexion is naturally sallow, though in any case it would appear so, owing to the fact that it is habitually "grimed" with dirt. His hair is dark and curly, and worn uncombed and matted, and he has a pair of bright, black, beady eyes which are constantly "on the move." He is small and thin, but wiry, and active and hardy, and would probably look a fairly well-made boy could his figure be made out. With him, however, all outline of form is "lost" from his always being clad in cast-off garments "a world too wide," and as regards trouser-leg and coat-sleeve a world too long, though the latter inconvenience is easily remedied by the rolling-up process. Winter and summer alike he goes barefoot, and to a certain extent from choice. He could no doubt muster up old boots as he musters up other old clothing. As a matter of fact, he does occasionally get hold of a pair that have still some wear in them, and as far as appearance goes would be rather a credit than otherwise to the rest of his costume, but instead of wearing them he disposes of them in the way of sale or barter.

Stockings are undreamed of in his philosophy of dress. New clothing of any kind, but particularly new boots, he takes it as a matter of course are not for him, and as a wearer of old clothes he is decidedly of opinion that there is—in what he would call an "over-the-left" sense—nothing like leather, nothing so bad, so great a mistake, as old boots. His objection to them is the practical, not to say painful one, that they, as he puts it, "raws yer feet." Not from their being too large—though the fact of their "fitting too much" has a tendency to rawing—but because the ridges worn in them never suit the "bend of the foot" of sec-

ond wearers, the hillocks coming where the hollows ought to be, and then, as Slinger remarks, "there yer are, yer know, with the top of yer foot half rubbed off." If Slinger is to be taken as an authority—and I believe he may be, while others have confirmed to me his testimony upon the point—this fault in old boots extends even to "new second-handers," as those boots are styled that have been mended and done up, or, in technical language, "translated" for the second-hand wardrobe trade. The "lasting" which they receive in the translating process may make them look unwrinkled, but when taken into wear the "real original" old ridges soon assert themselves again. It is commonly supposed that translated boots are chiefly sold among the poorest of the poor, but this is a mistaken notion. The principal market for them is among the struggling poor, the poor who strive to conceal their poverty, who have, or believe they have, an appearance to keep up, who cannot afford—if they can possibly avoid it—to be seen down at heel, and who would lose caste and be utterly ashamed were they compelled to be seen without boots at all. This, however, is by the way. Slinger elects to go barefoot, and gives a reason for the faith that is in him upon the point. Nor does he appear to suffer much from the practice, the more especially as from wear and weather the soles—and for the matter of that the "uppers" too—of his feet have hardened till they are almost like horn.

Slinger is no half-breed of his race. His parents before him were gutter-bred. They have *not* seen better days, have not come down in the world, are not, any more than the bulk of their neighbors, what they are owing to any sudden or unexpected turn in

The April sky of chance,  
Or the strong tide of circumstance.

Pretty much as Slinger is now was his father at the same age. On attaining to man's estate it seemed good to him to give himself brevet rank as a laborer, though in reality he is, merely and sheerly, a loafer. According to a convenient fiction current among the loafing fraternity, he is always engaged, from early morn to dewy eve, searching for work and never finding it. Practically his being's end and aim, both by day and night, is to obtain as much drink as possible "on the cheap," and one way or another he manages to obtain a good deal. Though be-

longing to the no-visible-means-of-support, rather than to the habitual-criminal class, he is "well known to the police." He has repeatedly "done time" for "drunks and disorderlies," and for assaults upon the police, public-house landlords and barmen, and members of the general public who may have been guilty of resenting his importunities to them to stand treat. He has also been several times convicted under the Education Acts, and might have been convicted many a time and oft for wife-beating could the wife have been induced to charge him, but she takes her beatings much as a matter of course, and won't charge. Mrs. Slinger—so to name her for the nonce—is chiefly instrumental in keeping together what serves the family for home. In the winter she works—when she can get work to do—in white-lead factories, or pickle factories, or in rag-sorting sheds or fire-wood yards. In the season the family go hopping, and occasionally fruit-gathering and harvesting also. On these agricultural expeditions the mother and boy do the work, while the father constitutes himself contractor for and ganger over their labor, and sees to obtaining for himself his accustomed share (which is the lion's) of their earnings. The town residence of the family consists of a small back room containing, by way of furniture, an old and never-washed "tick" stuffed with straw or shavings, which serves as a bed, and a bundle of equally unwashed rags for bed-clothes, and a couple of chairs so shorn of their fair proportions of spars, and generally so battered and broken as to be unsalable even among the furniture brokers of a rookery quarter. If the room they occupy for the time being has a "sideboard" cupboard, they use the top of it as a table. If not, they can get along very well without a table. Both husband and wife prefer malt liquors to such slops—as they consider them—as tea or coffee, and beer-cans serve them sufficiently for such culinary operations as they indulge in.

As regards eatables, they live chiefly upon bread. If they want other food, and chance to be in a position to afford it, they get it ready-cooked, in the shape of the mysterious but cheap and savory sausage or saveloy, or the toothsome trotter. Even if they want a bit of something warm, they are still independent of home cookery. They can obtain hot "faggots," hot baked potatoes, hot fried fish, or a cut of pork with hot pease-pudding. The latter, however, is a dish to be thought of

only in association with high festival occasions, as, for instance, when the money brought back from the hopping is being "knocked down." By people of the Slinger genus—and a great many hop-pickers are of that genus—such money is very speedily knocked down, and that in ways that would earn the sternest disapproval of thrift societies. But when it is considered how hard they live, and often how hard they starve, in a general way, it is scarcely matter for wonder, though it may be for regret, that when opportunities serve they should go upon the principle of living like lords—according to their notions of lordly living—for a day or two in the year. The paucity of domestic means and appliances in the Slinger household has, like many other evils, a touch of compensatory good about it. Though the family revolve in a limited orbit, they are frequently changing their place of abode, and when making a move they have commonly good reasons for wishing to

Fold their tents like the Arabs,  
And silently steal away.

This it is easy for them to do. They have simply to shake the straw out of the "tick," roll it and the bed-clothes into a bundle which the wife can as easily carry under her arm as can the husband the two cut-down chairs, and—there they are. Mrs. Slinger, like her husband, is given to drink, and in respect to her son there is a good deal of literal truth in the grim joke which speaks of gutter children as being "weaned on gin and winkles." In regard to drink, she goes upon different lines from her husband. For weeks, and sometimes for months at a stretch, she will confine herself to her sober two or three pots of malt or "goes" of spirits per diem. Then she has a break-out, and drinks hard and continually until she is pulled up by an attack of delirium tremens, or, as she and her neighbors style it, a "fit of the shakes."

Slinger is free of his parents' home—after a fashion. If there is food about and to spare—which is not often the case—he can have of what is to spare, and it is always open to him to "kennel" in the parental room by night, if he feels so disposed. In a general way, however, he is expected to "scratch for himself," and this expectation, unlike the supposition as to his father's looking for work, is no fiction, but a stern reality. He must scratch, or starve. The senior Slingers are better known than trusted. There

are shades of respectability and social and commercial standing even in rookery circles. There are families to whom rookery tradespeople will give credit, and families to whom they will not, and the Slinger family is severely relegated to the latter category. As a consequence, when the mother is out of work or "on the drink," the household would often be totally without food, or the means of procuring it, were it not for the broken victuals or odd coppers brought home by young Slinger. He quite appreciates his importance in this connection, and on that and other grounds assumes a very independent tone in relation to his parents. Whether such a child owes obedience to such parents is a question of morals which need not be discussed here. However that may be, he yields them very little obedience, and no reverence, though he will stand by them or stick up for them in a clannish, blood-is-thicker-than-water spirit. Thus, if he found his father engaged in fight with another loafer, he would—his sense of fair play being imperfectly developed—harass the enemy's rear. He would attack any boy, slang any woman, and "eave arf a brick at" any man whom he found "molesting" his mother when she was disguised in liquor. At the same time he will himself unreservedly speak of "our old feller" or "our old hen"—as he familiarly calls his parents—having been "properly tight," and will gleefully narrate and consumedly laugh over any strange pranks they may have played when in their cups.

"Shan't" is the word most familiar in his mouth as a reply to any parental command that does not exactly chime in with his personal feelings or plans. "Dry up!" is the slangy and impatient exclamation with which he cuts short the occasional attempts of his mother to lecture him. If his father threatens—as when drunk he frequently does—to "quilt" him, or skin him alive, or the like, he will, if he is out of arm's reach, and a retreat secure, retort with—"Will yer, old feller? oh no yer won't, though. Yer ain't a going to knock me about for nothink, so I tells yer." Sometimes the father, by going upon the principle of a word and a blow, and the blow first, manages to seize and thrash the boy. At such times Slinger is heard to mutter of a good time coming, when he will be able—and willing—to punch the expletive "old 'ed" of his progenitor. For, sad to say, the vernacular of my Arab is not only larded with slang, but full of strange oaths and dreadful im-

precations. Happily, however, his cursing is mere "poll-parroting." He knows not what he says; is incapable of realizing the horror excited in the minds of others at hearing such words falling from the lips of one so young.

As a scratcher, Slinger naturally turns his attention in the first place to the matter of food; and here he is fortunate enough to have some specially happy hunting-ground. In the immediate neighborhood of the rookery, within the limits of which the Slingers confine their peregrinations, there is an engineering establishment, employing some five or six hundred "hands." Opposite the workshop gates are several coffee-shops and eating-houses of the humbler kind, to which numbers of the hands who do not go home to breakfast or dinner resort for those meals. Such hands are a tolerably hungry army, and, in an ordinary way, make a clean sweep of their provender. Still, there are generally a few among them who, from one reason or another, are "off their feed" for the passing day, and unable to make a square meal. As in eating-houses of the type here in question both prices and quantities are fixed, any portion of his food that a customer may not be able to eat becomes his by right of purchase. The more thoughtful and kindly among the hands (and they are the great majority) exercise this right. If at the conclusion of a meal they have still a "remainder" on hand, they bring it out with them, and bestow it on some one of the half-dozen young Arabs who are "in the know" as to these eating-houses, and have marked them for their own. Of this little band my Arab is chief, partly by right of prescription as having been longer on this "lay" than any of the others, and partly also, and in a greater measure, from having "fought his way to glory" — for among his tribe right is awarded but scant acknowledgment unless it is coupled with might. There are few days upon which he works this lay that Slinger does not come in for sufficient food to save him from hunger. Most days he receives enough for a "good rough fill," and occasionally the scraps fall to his lot so plentifully that he is, of his abundance, able to take some home.

In other ways these workshops are a material source of income to Slinger. The failure of appetite upon the part of some of those who are most liberal in the bestowal of scraps upon him at breakfast time arises from their having had "a drop too much" over night. They know from

experience that towards eleven o'clock a great thirst, combined with a peculiar "sinking," will fall upon them, and that their first desire in life for the moment will be "to have their lives saved" by means of a hair of the dog that has bitten them. Of course, they are not allowed to take drink into the shops, but it is possible to get it smuggled in, and Slinger is known to them as an able, willing, and successful blockade-runner. Before going in to work after breakfast, the Lushington who engages Slinger's services in this line calls at a neighboring public-house, pays for a pint — or it may be a quart — of malt liquor, and leaves orders that it is to be put into a well-corked "bottle" can and delivered to Slinger on demand. At the appointed hour, Slinger, with his can concealed about his person — and here the circumstance of his garments being many sizes too large comes in handy — goes on watch outside a certain part of the workshop walls until he receives a signal that the coast is clear; then he clammers up, with cat-like agility, hangs on the top of the wall with one hand, passes the can with another, and drops back without having shown his head over the parapet. For each job of this kind Slinger's charge is a penny — though he sometimes gets more, that being a point he leaves to the discretion or generosity of the individuals employing him in this wise.

It is not always convenient to his clients to pay him down on the nail, and this affords him a legitimate excuse for being at the workshop gate at one o'clock on Saturday, when the men are coming out with their week's pay in their pockets. Some there are among them who do not take such heed for the morrow as in strictness they perhaps ought to do. The claims upon their wages may be fully as many as, or even more than, the amount will meet, but they are exhilarated by having a lump sum in hand. For a moment they feel in their degree softened by prosperity, and to this feeling Slinger owes it that he frequently comes in for other odd coppers beside those lawfully (or unlawfully) due to him for blockade-running. Nor is this all. "Now's the day and now's the hour" when workmen decide that their shop caps, or jackets, or overalls, have been worn to a point at which they are no longer worth the trouble and expense of washing and repairs. Garments that it has on this ground been determined to cast off are frequently presented to such waiters upon Providence as Slinger, and that youth being known,

and in his way popular, fares very well in this respect. Some such gifts are only fit to be sold as rags; others are in such a condition that they can still be utilized for wear — by an Arab. Thus it comes that Slinger is often to be seen going about clad in engineering costume. Very much clad in it, it might be said, for he has to don the clothes subject only to such alterations as he can himself make in them, and these alterations consist merely in cutting "lumps" off sleeves or legs, or the skirts of jackets.

If by chance the coffee-houses fail Slinger, or for any reason he has not resorted to them for a day, there are one or two trades-people in the neighborhood upon whom he can generally count as "good" for a little food. Their gifts are ostensibly made in pure charity, and doubtless there is some touch of "divine pity" in the spirit that moves the givers. Broadly, however, these donations in kind are of the nature of blackmail. Partly because business premises are very small, and partly because it is the trade custom, shop stock is a good deal exposed in rookery quarters. This the Slinger tribe regard as a providential arrangement on their behalf. The presence of my Arab near a shop is looked upon by the shop-keeper in much the same light as the presence of a fox in the vicinity of a hen-roost would be looked upon by a farmer. It is known that he is watching for "chances." He is a snatcher as well as a scratcher. In the matter of "doing a snatch," or, in plain English, stealing, Slinger's desire is not to leave undone, but to keep unknown. If he "spots" a chance, if he thinks he can do a snatch safely, he will do it, with a clear conscience. With him doing a snatch is no mere euphemism, no mere slangy paraphrase of "convey the wise do call it." He has no sense of moral restraint or moral wrongdoing in this connection. He has never heard that it is a sin to steal a pin, and if any one propounded that doctrine to him his reply would probably be, "Get out; yer ain't a going to stuff me like that." Or he might even more emphatically and tersely answer, "Yer lie." Knowing his views and practice as a snatcher, the fat and scant-o'-breath old widow who keeps the small general shop, and the cripple proprietor of the fried fish and baked potato emporium, occasionally make him small gifts from the staler portions of their edible stock. These gifts are professedly charitable offerings; but the real purpose of those making them is

to bribe him off, to induce him to turn his attention as a snatcher to some other establishment than theirs. His snatchings are not altogether confined to goods exposed for sale. He will snatch from women shopping, and more especially from those of them who may be so unwise as to place some of their purchases upon the pavement whilst they make others. A favorite form of raiding with Slinger is to lie in wait outside a sweetstuff shop, and snatch from children as they come out of it, absorbed in loving contemplation of the delectable wares in which they have been investing their pocket pence. Judged technically, Slinger as a snatcher is rather bold than discreet. He has repeatedly been captured, either after pursuit or red-handed in the act. More than once he has been in the hands of the police, but only in their hands. The value of the property snatched is so small that it is not worth the while of any one to incur the trouble and loss of time that would be involved in "charging" him. He is dealt with on the short shift principle. Either the constable or the robbed tradesman gives him a sound shaking or cuffing, and sends him about his business.

So far as Slinger has any business, it is that of "rusting" — *i.e.* collecting — on the chiffonnier system — old metal and disposing of it to the marine-store dealers. In his character of a "ruster," Slinger probably could, an' he would, account for the mysterious disappearance from "houses to let" of their more portable and easily accessible metal fixtures. In the open pursuit of his calling he rakes about the foreshore of the river, makes expeditions to workshops and factories whose refuse is cast out of doors, and penetrates into lanes and alleys into which back gates of better-class houses open, and in which consequently there is to be found a good deal of flotsam and jetsam of household wreckage. Though "rust" is the primary object of his explorations of rubbish heaps, all is fish that comes to his net. In the "utilization of waste substances" field of labor he is in his degree an all-round hand. Bottles, jam-pots, preserved-provision tins, old boots, rags and bones — his capacious rusting-sack hath stomach for them all. Occasionally, too, if he comes across a locality, as he sometimes does, in which there are a few good wasteful servants, he will devote a special field-day to the collection of coals and cinders. These he can sell to the neighbors of his parents, though, with a view to his own personal comfort, he generally gives

them up for home consumption. But while rusting is considered his special line, he by no means confines himself exclusively to it. He will hire himself out as extra bawler and general assistant to "barrer" greengrocers, fish-hawkers, hearth-stone venders, and the like. He is always ready to hold a horse, or open the door of a cab; and from time to time he tries his luck at the railway stations as one of the "carry yer parcel" brigade. When the local soap-kitchen is open he provides himself with a beer-can, and spends a good part of his mornings hanging about the gates of that earthly paradise. He begs drops from the fortunate ticket-holders as they come out, and when successful in his appeals, drinks up each drop as it is given, so that his can is ever empty and stands as a mute witness in justification of his horse-leech cry of Give! give! He sticks to his post to the end, in the hope that each morning may prove one of those red-letter ones on which, there being a surplus of soup after the ticket-holders have been supplied, there is a free distribution on the principle of first come, first served.

During those parts of the summer in which he is in town Slinger frequently resorts to a highroad much traversed by excursion vans. There he tosses, and tumbles, and grimaces, and turns cart-wheels, for the delectation of the bold beanfeasters, who encourage him by coppers, or perhaps by a delusive expectation of coppers which are not given. On the return journey, when the feasters are elated, some of the more good-natured among them will, if they have any scraps of food left in their hampers, throw them out to the Slinger kind. But occasionally some brutal ruffian, upon whom the bad drink has done its bad office, will, when the Arabs ask for bread give them a stone in the literal sense of shying a bottle at them. Once Slinger was severely gashed in this way, and more than once he has narrowly escaped getting under the wheels of the vans, so that it is quite on the cards that some day he will be butchered to make a cockney holiday. On bank holidays, and other high festival days, Slinger considers it worth his while to make his way to some haunt of holiday-makers, where he constitutes himself a camp-follower (self-attached) of the army of pleasure-seekers. Like other classes of camp-followers, he is suspected of predatory proclivities, and, as a consequence, comes in for a few good kicks; but he also gets some halfpence, and hav-

ing already discovered from painful experience that life is not *all* beer and skittles, he is content to take the rough with the smooth, the kicks with the halfpence in a philosophic spirit. As a camp-follower, he is not afraid of venturing far afield. Young as he is, he has done his Derby. He tramped to Epsom with an "Old Aunt Sally" party, assisted them in the management of the game during the day, and camped out with them on the downs by night. He often sleeps out even when in his own district. His parents take no particular notice of his doing so, regarding it merely as a matter of taste, or of passing convenience upon his part. The practice probably inflicts very little hardship upon him, as wherever or whatever may be the places of shelter to which he resorts when out o' nights — a point your Arab always keeps to himself — they would have to be very wretched places indeed if they were not, to say the least of it, as comfortable and healthy as the parental living and sleeping apartment.

Once Slinger attempted to take a comparatively high flight in the way of business. Having by some means amassed capital to the extent of one shilling, he was in an evil moment induced to embark in the newspaper trade. Being utterly uneducated, and therefore largely dependent upon others, he was so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of a clique of trade competitors, who, partly for a "lark," and partly from trade-unionist motives, set him calling "a'penny Hekkers" a penny each, or two for three-a'-pence, and announcing battles, murders, and sudden deaths that had not taken place. Of course, might - have - been purchasers thought that Slinger was trying to have a "lark" with them, and he did little or no trade. In the course of a week his capital was gone, and with this loss, and the gain of a pair of beautiful black eyes received in combat with one of the youths who had played tricks upon him, he retired from the business in disgust, and betook him to rusting again.

As already indicated, Slinger is sufficiently brave in his own fashion; but it cannot be said of him that he is chivalrous where the softer sex is concerned. It could scarcely be expected that he would be. In the home circles in which he moves, wife (or paramour) beating and fights between women are common occurrences, and Slinger, like his betters, unconsciously adapts himself to his environment. Even now, if he has a quarrel with a girl, his talk is of "slogging" her,

of "knocking corners off" her, "landing her one on the nose," and so forth. On another point, too, his environment seems likely to mould him evilly. If there is anything in the law of hereditary transmission, the "drink craving" is in all probability inborn with Slinger, and all his surroundings tend to develop it in him. He is witness to scenes of drinking and drunkenness every day of his life, and has probably no conception that they are not an ordained and integral feature of every-day life. If, when themselves in the maudlin stage of drunkenness, his parents want to show an unwanted tenderness towards him, they give him of their drink; and when carrying drink for others he takes toll in the shape of a good sip, which evidently goes down with a relish highly suggestive of the strength of the craving growing with his growth.

My Arab, as I have said, is a tough little customer; nevertheless, his wretched mode of life tells upon him at times. He has few opportunities, and probably little inclination, to practise the virtue of personal cleanliness, and neglect upon this point brings its own punishment, in the shape of frequent outbreaks of skin-disease. In the winter season, if the weather proves severe, it finds out his weak spots. His feet, though case-hardened, swell and "chap," and he suffers from neuralgic affections. At such times he is to be seen painfully limping about, with his face bandaged—or, as he graphically describes it, "with his head in a sling"—and looking, and doubtless feeling, "the picture of misery." But the point in connection with him which affords "food for saddest contemplation" lies in the fact that, wretched little creature though he be, he is a highly fortunate example of his class. There are hundreds, nay thousands, of children who are to the full as badly off as he in relation to parents and home, and surroundings generally, but whose sufferings are more and greater than his, because they lack his capacity for self-help. What will become of Slinger if he lives to attain to manhood is of course an open question, though within a very limited range. If very fortunate, he may get into "trouble" while he is still young enough to be sent to an industrial school or reformatory. If this does not befall, the open question will be narrowed to whether it will be the criminal or the no-visible-means-of-support section of society that he will go to swell. To one or the other of them he is certain to gravitate.

I have seen much prettier and more

sentimental pen-and-ink pictures of Arabs than mine; and it may be that there have been individual Arabs who have justified these pleasanter portraits. Broadly speaking, however, the characteristics of my Arab are the badge of all his tribe. He is drawn from the life, and that not from a single sitting, not as the result of a morning's "slumming" by way of pastime, or a flying visit to a low quarter under police protection. I have known Slinger from his infancy upwards, and have had a daily—and still existing—experience amongst his class, extending over a period of twelve years. I have drawn him, both personally and as a type, in his habit, as he lives, with all his imperfections on his head; but in doing so I have wrought in no unkindly or unpitying spirit.

From The National Review.

LETTERS FROM AN IDLE WOMAN'S POST-BAG. 1884.

BY LADY JOHN MANNERS.

In one of our old cathedrals may be seen the monument of a lady who died from the prick of a needle. No monuments have as yet been erected to those martyrs who succumb to the pin-pricks of the Penny Post.

*Selina.*—Mother! Here are the letters that arrived while you were away. Did you like your two days' holiday?

*Idle Woman.*—Every one was very kind, but the meeting father went to attend began at six and lasted till eleven yesterday. My hostess and I were in the gallery. About three hundred men were smoking. I am afraid you may perceive an atmosphere of tobacco and rose-water about my hair. I have been sprinkling it with rose-water, but the tobacco is the stronger. Father drove straight from the railway station to a meeting. We may send for him at midnight, but he don't think he will get back till two or three in the morning.

*Selina.*—There are about forty letters for him and several telegrams, answer paid.

*Idle Woman.*—We must not have him pursued; in fact he happened to say he was going to several meetings. Now for my letters.

*To the Honble. Mrs. Mauder, London.*

MADAM,—

We propose holding a bazaar for our Hospital, in June. We think a novelty would draw. We have not decided whether to represent a Tyrolean village, a New

haven fish-market, or an Assyrian temple. In the former case, would you, madam, appear as a shepherdess? A live lamb will be provided by a benevolent butcher. He will take the little animal to his premises when the bazaar is over. As a musical entertainment may form part of the programme, will you sing "The Merry Swiss Boy," wearing the Tyrolean costume? If we decide on the Newhaven scene, kindly wear the fish-wife's short striped petticoat, and sing "Caller Herrin'?" If our committee choose the Assyrian *mise-en-scene*, a few visits to the British Museum may be necessary before we settle on the costume. We have already the promise of mummies — and one or two sphinxes would be effective, if we can borrow them. We confidently anticipate a favorable reply at your earliest convenience. Faithfully yours,

JOHN BROWN.

JAMES JONES.

JOHN ROBINSON.

Central Hospital, Eastminster.

To this, Selina, we will write a refusal. Your father might sustain a severe shock if he saw me in either of the first two costumes, and I object to being mixed up with mummies before my time comes.

*Selina.* — There are notes from Miss Thrush and Mademoiselle Fauvette. They say their annual concerts will take place soon; they are sure you will take tickets as usual. Miss Blackbird gives her Grand Ballad Concert in six weeks, and she reminds you of your annual custom; she also hopes you will tell your friends of the entertainment. She has taken St. Edward's Hall, and is afraid the expenses will be high.

*Idle Woman.* — Yes, Selina, we will not disappoint these good ladies. They have a very hard struggle; for teachers of music are many, and pupils are few. You have, probably, many more years to live than I have, and I must ask you to count the cost before you begin taking tickets for annual concerts. Say you take two guinea tickets from six *artistes* yearly for twenty years, the amount will come to two hundred and fifty-two pounds.

*Selina.* — Why, mother, have you been to see the Calculating Boy?

*Idle Woman.* — No; I have been taking to heart Mr. Fawcett's advice on thrift. Here is a letter marked "Immediate:" —

DEAR MRS. MAUNDER, —

You may not — in fact, you will not — remember me. But I was a friend of

your excellent grandmamma's. I saw you in long clothes. You were a really lovely baby. I feel that my having known you at that interesting period of your existence gives me a sort of excuse for renewing the relations between us. I have written a play. Believing that you are acquainted with Mr. Irving, I trust you will do your best to have it represented at the Lyceum. I send the manuscript of my tragedy — "Boadicea." Will you kindly let me have your opinion of it as soon as possible.

Believe me, dear Mrs. Mauder,  
Your old friend, and sincere well-wisher,

AMELIA PLANTAGENET JONES.

Oh, Selina, I have no influence at all with managers. I suppose this large parcel is the play. It is, doubtless, invaluable to the owner. Let us register it and return it at once.

*Selina.* — There are several more packets. I will read some of the letters out:

MADAM, —

I send you several funereal elegies I have written for celebrated men who have quitted this sublunary sphere. My poetic fire bursts forth —

*Idle Woman.* — Stop, my dear. I have several times already tried to quench those funeral fires. I told the writer I could take no more of the mournful strains.

*Selina.* — But, mother, he says he sent you twelve copies of his poem "Wails and Moans, Sighs and Groans," a twelvemonth ago. He writes: —

Madam, I offered you these, feeling we were indeed kindred spirits, as a present. If, however, you like to send me a return present, which would take the form of a pecuniary mark of appreciation, it would now be welcome. And I should much like the letters returned that I sent with them from several of my distinguished patrons.

Your faithful brother in literature,  
MILTON SIMKINS.

Sappho Villa,  
Quackton-in-the-Willows.

*Idle Woman.* — This is serious. We must cross-question Mumford. Ring the bell.

Enter Mumford, to whom both ladies in a kind of intermittent staccato duet: —

Mumford, an unpleasant thing has occurred. It seems, twelve copies of a poem, by Mr. Milton Simkins, were sent here a year ago. Did you see them?

*Mumford* (who is most respectable and conscientious, rubbing his brow). Ma'am, I appear to have some kind of recollection of a parcel of the sort arriving, but I am not prepared to say positively. There are several hundred pamphlets on master's table, not opened; they require dusting, ma'am. Shall I commence divesting them of their outer coverings?

*Both Ladies* (much agitated, in somewhat shrill tones). No! *Mumford*. Let no one venture to approach your master's table. Miss Mauder and I will consider what is to be done (*Exit Mumford*, ruefully, rubbing his forehead).

*Idle Woman*.—We must send a present to Mr. Milton Simkins; but where can his original letters be?

*Selina*.—Mother, don't!

*Idle Woman*.—Well, we must tell father all about it. Here are applications from the Dress Reform Association, the Funeral Reform Company, the Bread Reform Company, the reform of —

*Selina*.—Mother, I ought not to interrupt, but grandmamma lived to a great age—she looked so bright. How did people get on before all these reforms were started?

*Idle Woman*.—We will write to Mr. Augustus Sala; he is sure to find out for us. More letters.

MADAM,—

I ham personally unknown to you. I ham in urgent need of ten pounds. I enclose testimonials to prove that I ham a person of real merit and remarkable habili-  
ty. This is Thursday. Unless I can get ten pounds by Saturday my little Ome will be broken hup. I will call, confidently hanticipating to receive the sum.

Your hanxious petitioner,  
JAMES GEORGE.

Testimonials enclosed.

4, Ernest Row,  
William Square, S.E.

Here is another letter:—

To *Madame Maundere*.

MADAME,—

Your honored spouse is known to have made his *Kur* at a bath in my beautiful Faterland. Will you tell me all the treatment your spouse did make? My good husband is ill. I want him to make also a journey to a health bath. I have send drawings I have done. Will you buy some, as treatments cost much moneys. I send my testimonials.

Yours, Madame,  
BABETTE SCHMIDT.

4, Church Place,  
Greenbank.

*Selina*.—Mother, do let us be careful not to send Madame Schmidt's testimonials to Mr. George. Must we open more of these packets? Here is a little box of crochet-work, and some music.

*Idle Woman*.—The parcels can wait. Here is an application about women's rights. Ah! *Selina*, I like these lines on that subject, but, alas! I cannot remember who wrote them:—

The rights of women, what are they?  
The right to labor and to pray;  
The right to comfort in distress,  
The right, when others blame, to bless.

What is this letter?

Lowbury Athenæum.

MADAM,—

Believing you and the much respected Mr. Mauder are deeply interested in social progress, we do not hesitate to ask you to allow a drawing-room meeting to be held in your house for the discussion of questions on the improvement of man.

Yours faithfully,  
JOHN THORNTON.

*Selina*.—Decline, mother. Social reformers always stamp. The floor might give way.

*Idle Woman*.—Yes. Here is a note written on papyrus, which is so much used.

DEAREST JULIA,—

I have just come from Paris. Edwin thinks I might write my French tour. Could you introduce me to a few editors? I believe all editors are delightful. Do, and you shall see my last Worth gown. Quite a creation—one wave of vermillion velvet!

Your loving  
ANGELINA.

Well, *Selina*, I am sure that all editors, indeed all men, would be charmed with Angelina, her eyes, and her gowns. But, unfortunately, their readers won't see those pretty smiles that give such point to her pretty little sentences. But she shall be brought into editorial presence.

*Selina*.—There are several letters about church restoration. How is it all the churches in Middleshire seem to be tottering about this time?

*Idle Woman*.—Father says they were all built about the same date. I fear we cannot subscribe to restore all of them. I see people are going to have fancy fairs, readings, and concerts to help to rebuild them. At all events, they give people a good object to work for; even play may be profitable, in two senses.

*Selina.*—The manager of the Exford Coffee-House writes:—

**MADAM,**—

We are anxious to raise funds to pay off a debt incurred under the following circumstances. The week we opened our coffee-house a grand expedition of Rechabites proposed to take refreshments at our establishment, after visiting our magnificent ruins. We were told we might expect a thousand. We therefore laid in a thousand pork-pies, and the same number of Bath-buns. Unfortunately, only fifty Rechabites arrived. Will you assist us in clearing off our debt?

I have the honor to remain,

Your obedient servant,

MATTHEW MUDDLE,  
Manager.

The Friendly Coffee-Pot,  
Exford.

*Idle Woman.*—Coffee-house managers and political agents are, it seems, equally liable to mistakes. They might ask that pleasant young clergyman to get up living wax-works for their benefit.

*Selina.*—Mother, don't suggest him. You know everybody asks him, and he will think us such bores. There are some applications for the Idiot Asylum, the Orphan Home, Deaf and Dumb School; but you must let those stand over. Here is your green box with the social correspondence, and the red one with all your invitations. Some are for a month off, but you ought to answer at once if possible.

*Idle Woman.*—Certainly, Selina. But, first, here is another note, marked "Very important."

**MY DEAR MRS. MAUNDER,**—

I have written a new song, "In the Clouds." Would you kindly send a little notice of it to the *Morning Post* and *Standard*, and do you think the *Times* would give it a word? I have asked Madame Nilsson to sing it. She says it does not exactly suit her, or she would. The earlier the notice can appear the better. Your devotion to art is my excuse for writing.

Yours truly,

HUBERT JENKINS.

(*Nom de plume*, Giacomo di Napoli.)

*Selina.*—Oh, please do not write to the papers! You must make out the list of cards to be left to-day, some in South Kensington, some in Cheyne Walk, and some in Mayfair. Remember, too, we

have to write out six hundred cards for the first of father's three scientific *soirées*, and do let us be careful to send them to the right addresses, and not to invite any of those who have died, as it hurts the feelings of the survivors.

*Idle Woman.*—Yes, dear; we will take every pains, but blue and red books are not more infallible than Bradshaw: mistakes now and then creep in, and people change their addresses so often. Six hundred cards seem a good many, but I believe it is a rule that a third decline.

*Selina.*—Then, mother, will you write about our gowns for the occasion?

*Idle Woman.*—The great dress question you must settle. Anything that people won't tumble over, and that looks cool. Here are more notes marked "Immediate."

**DEAR MRS. MAUNDER,**—

I should feel so much obliged if you would ask your uncle, Lord Shropshire, for leave for my cousin, Captain Hanley, to fish in his reserved trout stream, close to Burgtown, where he is quartered. Tickets may be had for the other river, but young Hanley prefers privacy. If he could have ten days' fishing the end of this month we should feel so much pleased.

Yours most truly,

MARIA MARCHMONT.

Mill Cottage,  
Breezemere.

*Selina.*—I think, mother, you ought to say that Uncle Shropshire also prefers privacy, though he don't get it, for Aunt Shropshire is so good-natured to her friends, that Cousin Wrekin said he was obliged to take a river in Norway, because she had given away all the fishing one year. She says she dreads the May-fly season, because she has to be quite diplomatic about the rods. Of course all the fishing is engaged for months. Poor dear old lady—don't give her another letter to write.

*Idle Woman.*—I hate saying no.

*Selina.*—If you try to say yes to every one you will end by being obliged to say no continually.

*Idle Woman.*—True; we will refer the matter to father. Here is a letter from New York:—

**MADAM,**—

Having read with interest the Honorable Matthew Mauder's last work, on "The Increase of Species as demonstrated by the Multiplication of the Common Bore,"

I venture to ask for his autograph to add to my collection.

Faithfully yours,  
ALBERT JAMES.

Twelfth Avenue,  
New York.

*Enter Mumford* (with hesitation). — I beg your pardon, ma'am, but Mrs. Glasse would be glad to know if there is to be lunch or dinner to-day, as it is just two o'clock.

*Idle Woman*. — Lunch! certainly. Something must come up immediately.

*Selina*. — Mother! Here is a letter from pretty Mrs. Herbert, asking if we could write to Mr. Palette for tickets for the private view of the pictures.

*Idle Woman*. — We must not do that, for once I wrote to Mrs. Palette to ask for tickets. She sent us two. Imagine my remorse when I heard they were her own.

*Selina*. — Now, mother, we had better lose no time in seeing the parcels and testimonials are safely returned, as to-morrow will bring fresh cargoes.

*Idle Woman*. — Thank you, Selina. What should I do if you wanted to go to one of the ladies' universities?

*Selina*. — Mother, I should like to go to Oxbridge next year.

*Idle Woman* collapses permanently.

From The Leisure Hour.  
THE LIBRARY OF A LADY OF THE  
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

In the dining-room of a house that I know well there hangs over the chimney-piece the portrait of a lady, painted by Sir Peter Lely. She is not pretty, but she has a kind, homely face, quite unlike many of the ladies that Sir Peter used to paint. She is dressed in pearly satin, with a red scarf floating from her shoulders. As to her name, I will only repeat what Ben Jonson wrote in his "Epitaph on Elizabeth L. H.": —

One name was Elizabeth,  
The other let it sleep with death.

There has always been the tradition concerning our Elizabeth that she was an excellent woman, — a good wife and a kind mother. She lies buried in the little country churchyard, and there is a monument to her memory within the church, which stands in a sheltered hollow in the windy fields, overlooking a great sweep of bare, open country. There is a ring of

brown beech-trees, where the rooks build, and a low stone wall at the edge of the graveyard; and here, in the spring, blossom the first celandines and sweet white violets. And there is also one bushy yew-tree standing up in the midst of the green beds of the sleeping people. How many sweet hopes, and weary burthens, and disappointed hearts lie there? We shall never know; and indeed, it is only when we ourselves have seen the brown trench opened, and heard the sound of the sharp stones and heavy earth falling on the coffin that holds one we loved, that we learn how much of our own lives and hearts may be buried in those graves.

In the library of the manor-house there are still to be seen Elizabeth's books, and in each she has inscribed her name in her large and rather tremulous handwriting. First of all there is her Bible, which has a dishevelled Magdalen and a weeping willow embroidered in tarnished gold and silver thread on the cover. On the flyleaf she has written the date of her marriage, and the dates of the births of her children. And then, lower down — and this time, poor lady! in very faint, blurred writing — the record of the death of the youngest infant "of Convulsions Fitts." There are the Psalms of Sternhold and Hopkins, which have been so long superseded by those of Tate and Brady; and next to Sternhold and Hopkins we have a Church of England Prayer-book "done" into Portuguese, which clearly shows us that Elizabeth was a woman of fashion, and had learnt the language of Catherine of Braganza. And then follow a row of little, shabby, well-worn books, here and there with passages marked, and with leaves turned down at places to which, no doubt, the dear lady loved to recur. In "Death made Comfortable, or the Way to Dye Well," the page which contains the "Prayer on the Death of a Child" is dog-eared and worn with much using. One can almost fancy one sees the marks of tears on the dim yellow paper. The prayer is expressed quaintly enough, yet there is something touching in the plain, homely words: "O! Almighty Father, thou art pleased now to turn my joys into Sorrows, and to take away from me that sweet Babe, which thou lately gavest me for my Delight and Comfort. But I humbly Bow my Self to bear it patiently and without murmuring because it is thy Doing. Thou hast sent this poor little Child into the World, O! Lord, to see and to taste Life, but hast not allowed it to stay till it Could rightly understand the end

and business, or relish the Comforts and Satisfaction thereof."

Then follow the simple consolations: "If it Stayed not here to enjoy Pleasure; soe neither did it Stay to be pined away with Sorrow and Care. It lived not long enough to be versed in all the Vexations of our State, nor to run thro that Great variety of miseries and misfortunes, which are incident here to our Nature, But went off before it had time to trye how much Evil is to be Endured in this Life; yea before it was come, to aggravate any afflictions by imagination, or to anticipate the same by Fear, or to reflect in bitterness of Spirit, and lay to heart what it did endure."

The next prayer in the little book is for one who "is made childless," and it ends with the words: "Tho among Men I am quite forgotten, yet let me be Graciously remembred, and received by thee when thou reckonest and callest over the Number of thy Children, for my Dear Lord and Saviour's sake." There are prayers for every possible person in every possible condition, with obliging notes in the margin, advising us in certain cases to omit "the words within the books," and to put "we for they, ours for theirs, are for am, etc." And there is a preface which contains "Directions for an Holy and an Happy Death," in which it recommends ministers to see that their "Discourses also be Savoury," so that the dying man may be "stored with matter for devout thoughts and Ejaculations."

The next book upon the shelf is "The Heart's Ease, or, a Remedy against all troubles, with a Consolatory Discourse to prevent Immoderate Grief." It advocates what we might call drastic treatment; some of the advice for modifying grief is really alarming. "When thy mind is troubled," says Dr. Symon Fitzpatrick, "and whines and cries for such and such a bauble, do with it as we do with children when they cry they know not for what, affright it with the representation of some terrible thing; shew it the pains of Hell, ask it how it likes to burn in eternal flames, and whether it can be contented to be damned. Let it see there is something indeed to cry for, if it cannot be quiet; and bid it tell thee if it be an easie thing to dwell with everlasting burnings. And when it starts at the thought of them, bid it be quiet then. And well pleased, if it can flye from such a misery, whatsoever else it can endure."

I doubt whether this receipt for heart's ease has ever given much comfort to any

one. There is, however, one story in the book which is pretty. It is quoted from Holcoth. A learned man was found dead in his study, leaning over a book that lay before him, with his hand on the open page. The friend who first entered the room was nearly broken hearted at the sight; but when he looked closer, and read the verse on which the dead man's hand still rested, he was greatly comforted. For these were the words: "Though the just be prevented with death, yet shall he be in rest."

"The Happy Ascetick, or the Best Exercise," by Anthony Horneck (preacher at the Savoy), is a fair-sized volume, with a frontispiece representing a set of peculiarly dressed men toiling in a still more peculiar vineyard, which slants, regardless of perspective, up the page. This book contains an exercise of pious ejaculations for all occasions, which has a certain simple grace of its own, and from which I will quote here and there a sentence: "When thou hearest the Clock strike, let thy Mind immediately mount up to Heaven, and say, *Lord, go teach us to number our Days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom:* When thou art dressing thyself, *Cloth my soul with salvation, and deck me with white raiments.* . . . When going by Water, *O satisfe my Soul with the Fatness of thy House, and make me to drink of the River of thy Pleasures.* When receiving any injury or ill language, *Sweet Jesu, Give me Grace to follow thy example, and to tread in thy steps, who being reviled, didst not revile again.* . . . When seeing snow, *Purge me with hysop and I shall be clean; Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.* When seeing it Rain, *O visit me with the former and latter rain of thy favor.*"

There are some curious stories of the saints introduced into this book, and at the end of the "Happy Ascetick" there follows a "Letter to a Person of Quality on the Early Christians." The practice of Papias is commended, — he who was "mighty enquisitive what Andrew, what Philip, what Peter, what James, what John, and what the rest of the Apostles of our Lord had done." There is the story of one Maria Ægyptica, "who had nothing to Feed upon for seventeen years together;" and of a certain John "who was supported without Food ten years." Yet we are told not to believe these tales too implicitly; nor are we to try to "tread in the steps of these gyants in Fasting." We are given the pretty story of St. Paula, who resisted many sore temptations, and

who, when her husband (the Beloved Toxotius) died, was inclined to despair, yet "checkt the ill-suggestion." She it was who was charged with madness, and was greatly tempted to give her accusers back "unhandsome Language," yet restrained her tongue, remembering for Whose sake she suffered such injuries. We may smile at the simplicity of these things, but can we mend their piety? "Ah! how duskish are my thoughts in this house of Clay!" says the quaint old writer of the "Christian Sacrifice;" and each generation gropes, after its own fashion, through the dim twilight, and up the dark steps that lead to the Eternal Father, seeking, "if haply they might feel after him and find him."

The last book on the shelf is one which Elizabeth must have been given only a year or two before her death. It is the "Dictionnaire Économique, or the Family Dictionary, Done into English." It is full of information on household matters, and gives us a great many interesting hints. For example, under the heading of Age, we are favored with a number of receipts for prolonging life. We are advised to drink of some decoction "two handsome glasses every morning fasting," in which case we shall reach a great age. We are told what to do when a certain "distemper" attacks our hens and makes them appear "pensive and melancholick." We can learn here how to make "Apricot Wine," and how to cure asthma by "taking a handful of common wood-lice," wrapping them in a cloth, and steeping them in a pint of white wine, which is afterwards to be given to the patient to drink. A child with the whooping-cough should wear round its neck the root of garden flag newly gathered; for epilepsy the sick person is recommended to wear a girdle of wolf-skin, or to hang round his throat some mistletoe from an oak, some coral, or an emerald, or the "Forehead Bone of an Ass." "A ring made of the foot of an Elk, worn upon the fourth Finger, not only cures the falling sickness, but also convulsions, and all contractions of the nerves."

There are also "Cosmeticks, Ornaments, or Washes for the Fair Sex," among which we find receipts for "an unguent that brings the skin to exquisite beauty," and for an "admirable Cosmetick to make a pleasing ruddy complexion." To take wrinkles out of the face, "anoint with oil of myrrh, and cover over with a waxed cloth." And for those who lose their memory there is a great deal of good

advice. You are to rub your temples with castor-oil, or to drink marigold and sage pounded and infused in white wine. "A secret to obtain a good memory is to take a swallow's heart," mixed with various other things, and eat a piece "as big as a nut" every morning for a month. And our dictionary adds, "You may carry about you the Wing of a Hoop or Lapwing, the Tooth of a Badger, or his left Paw with the Nails on; though there are those who think these are trifling things."

We are also supplied with cooking receipts, and recipes for cordials and home-made wines. I have just come upon one of the latter, which I hear is still made abroad, and is quite excellent, very superior to our English elderberry wine as a remedy for colds and coughs:—

#### "ELDER FLOWER WINE."

Thirty pounds single loaf sugar to twelve gallons of water. Boil till two gallons be wasted, "scumming it well" the while. Let it stand till it "be as cool as Wort." Then add two or three spoonfuls of yeast, and when it works add two quarts of elder-blossom, picked from the stalks. Stir every day until it has ceased working, which will be in five or six days. Strain it and put it into a vessel. Tie it down, and let it stand two months. Then bottle it.

Such are the books that compose the library of a lady of the seventeenth century. The choice of books is small, nor are any of them remarkable as works of literature. Yet they sufficed Elizabeth, and it may be that though she read little she thought all the more. And for us, too, these superannuated books have a value if they serve to lift, be it ever so little, the veil that shrouds the daily life of two hundred years ago.

ANNE FELLOWES.

From The Army and Navy Magazine.  
VALENTINE BAKER.

THE name of Baker Pasha as a soldier is a household word in Europe. Born in 1825, the scion of a family distinguished for services rendered to their country so far back as the reign of Edward III., Valentine Baker entered the British army as a cornet in the 12th Lancers in 1848. So vast is the British Empire that the epoch rarely comes round when every portion of it can boast of absolute tranquillity. The public mind had just begun

to rest from the recital of the bloody and hardly contested battles on the Sutlej in 1846, when it was startled by the news that Sir Harry Smith, who, for his services in the Sikh War, had been nominated governor of the Cape, was engaged in a contest, almost for existence, with the Kafirs. To the Cape, then, in 1852, the 12th Lancers were despatched, and it was in fighting with his regiment there that Valentine Baker first gave an example of the cool, calm courage, the presence of mind in danger, the quickness of thought under fire, which specially characterized him when in later years he commanded an army in Bulgaria. It is related of him that on one occasion he was engaged in close conflict with a powerful Kafir when his horse was disabled and fell under him. Baker had just time to disengage himself when he found that his first opponent had been joined by several comrades. Two of these he promptly despatched with his lance; a third was killed by a corporal who had run to his assistance, the rest made off. Young as he was, he had not lost his head, and a position, full of danger to a man liable to be flurried, was turned to good account by the coolness and calmness in danger which are the first necessities of a soldier who aspires to command. In 1856 Baker obtained his troop, and in 1859 his majority. He then exchanged into the 10th Hussars, became lieut.-colonel, and commandant of that regiment in 1860. That command he held for thirteen years. Over and over again did men of his own branch of the service inform me that whilst in theoretical knowledge he was not to be surpassed, he possessed that rare quality of coolness and self-possession which enables a man when under the roar of cannon and the fire of musketry to think and act as though he were on a peaceful parade. Many used even to indicate him as the future leader of a British army, and it must be admitted that, having regard to his conduct in Bulgaria when leading under most trying conditions a Turkish army, he displayed the qualities which would have justified his nomination even to so important a post.

It may readily be gathered from the foregoing remarks that throughout his regimental career Baker had acted on the principle which guided the Austrian field-marshall. He had considered himself ignorant of his profession so long as any knowledge of it remained to be acquired. For several years it had been his practice to note the defects and improvements in his branch of the service which thought and experience forced upon him. Only two years after the close of the Crimean War (1858) he had written a work on "The British Cavalry, with Remarks on its Practical Organization." Two years later, at the time when the government were hesitating as to the manner in which they should treat the great national question of the defence of the country, Baker stimulated their action by the timely publication of a pamphlet entitled "Our National Defences Practically Considered," full of wise suggestions. In 1869 he published a pamphlet on "Army Reform." This pamphlet is well worthy of perusal at the present day; for it is remarkable as suggesting the mode of enlistment through the constabulary which, amid the many nostrums for the improvement of the enlisting system which have been tried since that period, is the one which has proved most effective. His book on the "War in Bulgaria" is a record which every soldier should study. There are few more splendid feats of arms recorded in history than his retreat from Ottukoi to Constantinople in the face of vastly superior forces. As a piece of military work it was absolutely faultless. In Egypt, in the Soudan, his disinterestedness, his devotion, his daring, warmed towards him every heart in England capable of feeling sympathy. Has he not suffered sufficiently? Is it possible to atone more fully; and if it is, what further form of atonement is possible? Or is the punishment to be eternal? I cannot believe that the high authority in whose hands the decision rests will lay down a principle, the reverse of the principle laid down in the gospel, that there is a civil offence for which there is no forgiveness.